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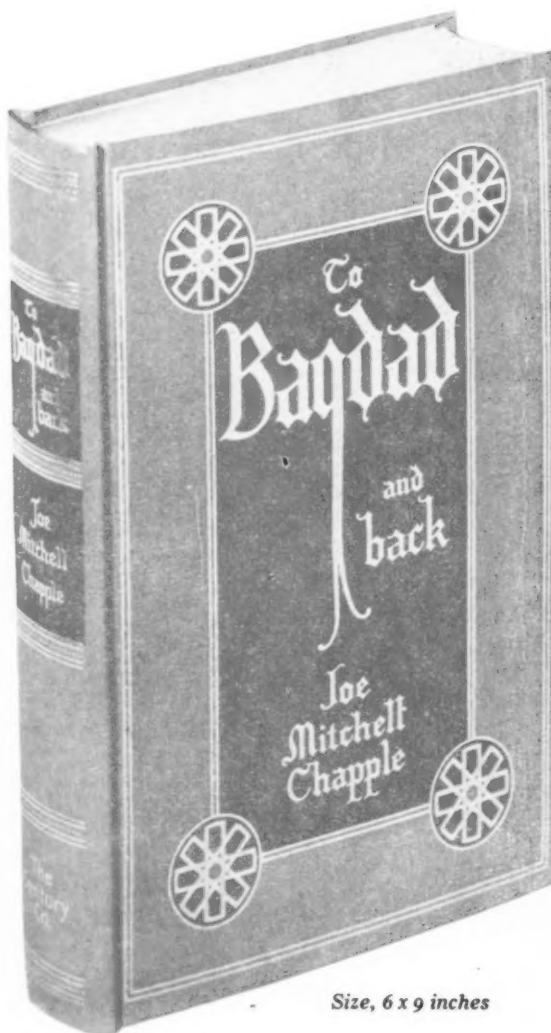
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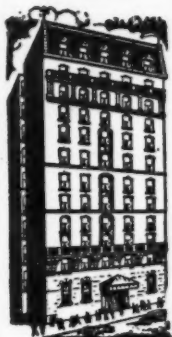
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Vol. LVI MAY, 1928 New Series No. 9

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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
Boston 25, Massachusetts

William H. Chapple, Pres. John C. Chapple, Vice-Pres.
Joe Mitchell Chapple, Treas.

Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice at Boston, Massachusetts, under the act of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year 25 Cents a Copy
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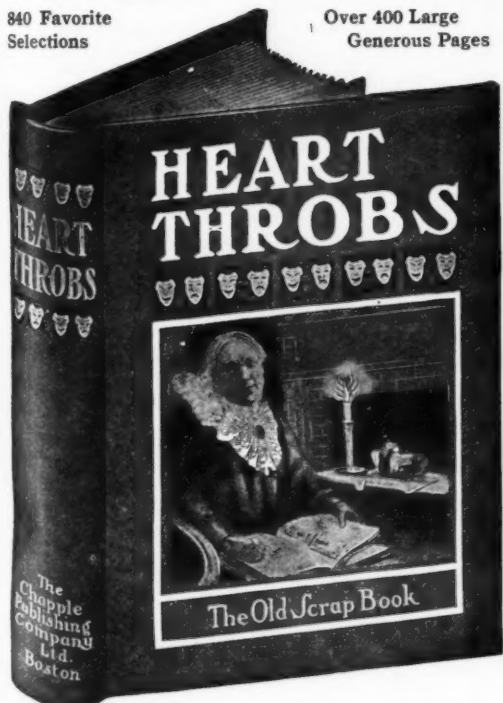
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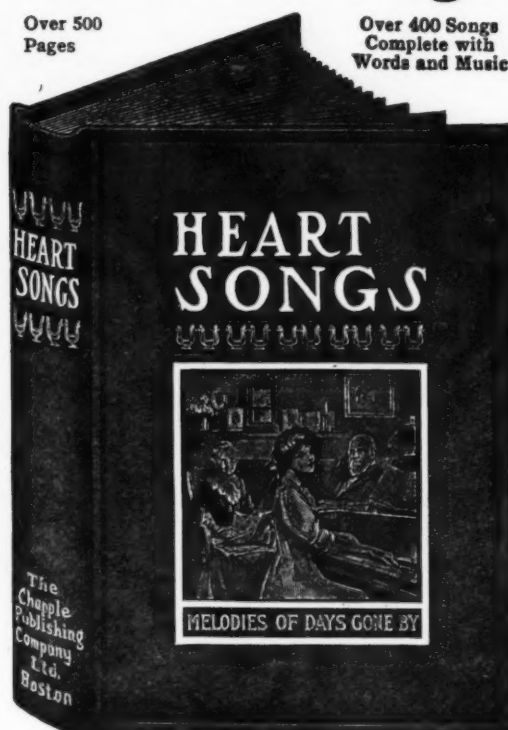
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Duke Schiller the Relief Aviator who first greeted the Bremen crew at lonely Greenly Island. Fitzmaurice of the Bremen crew brought back to civilization by Duke Schiller, the noted flier, sent by the Toronto Star, New York World and N. A. Newspaper Alliance. He flew to Greenly Island, and picked up the Irishman and brought him to Murray Bay. The Irish Air Force Commandant looked spic and span in his uniform. Schiller is at the right.



Volume LVI

MAY, 1928

New Series No. 8

Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



AN important matter before Congress in the May-time is the date of adjournment. It was a matter of real concern to members of both political parties, who recalled that there were certain blossoming prospects in springtime that needed attention at home if there was to be a harvest in the Autumn. The exact time of adjournment remains more or less of a mystery for some time. At first it is whispered, then discussed openly but furtively, and finally shouted with a glee of a boy looking forward to the last day of school. The calendar of the Senate and the House appeared to be well cleared in the stirring days of April, but there was no telling what would happen in the later hours that usually breeds a full-fledged filibuster. The Farm Relief bill passed both Houses and was left upon the doorstep of President Coolidge as a founding, duly assigned with a veto to the orphan asylum. The final roll call indicated the shadows of forthcoming elections, where one vote in Washington might change thousands of votes back home, one way or the other. Some voted for the McNary-Haugen bill who did not believe in the equalization clause, which was the reason for the veto of the President that was anticipated with more or less senatorial and congressional relief. Senator Borah voted against the bill, because he did not believe in it and felt that it did not get to the tap roots of the problem. His speech on phases of Equalization Taxation, delivered in a most casual way, was a concise presentation of the subject from his point of view, which revealed the absurdity of farmers continuing to pay their larger proportion of taxation simply to pay it back to themselves in still greater proportion than others. A "centre aisle" discussion during the progress of the bill, where senators on both sides gathered, focussed upon the arbitrary powers granted the twelve members of the Board at \$12,000 a year, whose edicts would be more powerful than that of any Bureau or Department ever established by the Government.

The Migratory Bird Bill debates indicated that although aviation has enabled man to skim the skies like birds, it has not altogether eliminated sectional prejudices, despite the fact that the bill had little to do with defining boundary lines. Birds themselves must have sung lustily when the result was announced that will reduce armament and check the shedding of bird blood. There was a suggestion of outlawing warfare in the skies above, if not on the earth beneath.

* * *

UNDER the witchery of a tropic moon in Havana harbor, on board Mr. Cyrus Curtis yacht, the *Lydonia*, I met a charming guest, known to me and the theater-going people some years ago as Annie Russell, one of the most popular actresses on the stage. That was a time when there was a galaxy of women stars shining brilliantly in the theatrical firmament. Annie Russell had a most enthusiastic following who would not compromise on even a suggestion that there

was any greater actress of her time than Annie Russell. That night we talked little of the theatre or of the past—it was all concerning today and tomorrow—just like Annie Russell.

She has been called the "Duse of the English-speaking stage." This was indeed a tribute, for the late Madame Duse was known as one of the most powerful emotional actresses of her time. And yet Miss Russell was her antithesis in a way,



Annie Russell

expressing emotion like a tender sensitive plant, with a quaint, delicate humor that was like a burst of sunshine on an April day. Miss Russell was born in Liverpool, but went with her family to Canada when very young, and began her career on the stage as a necessity.

Her study of the dramatic art began at the age of seven when she made her debut as a child actress with Rose Eytinge,

who had notified in advance the manager in Montreal to scour the town and "get me a girl for the part." When she appeared Miss Eytinge said: "I asked for a girl and not a child." An outburst of tears, and Miss Eytinge's heart was touched.

"Do you want to play this part very much?" she inquired. "I nodded.

"Well, if you have learned it, let me hear you."

"She seemed to be satisfied and I later went with her company for the remainder of the season."



Annie Russell (in the center) with two friends, in her beautiful sunny home in Florida

At the age of thirteen she was playing Esmeralda, having made her application in a long dress with her hair done up neatly, assuming as ancient and demure an expression as possible. It was one of the greatest successes in stage history, for she appeared over nine hundred times in the part.

Following this Miss Russell became the favorite of favorites, and later on made her debut in London, where they called her back six times and christened her with a distinction almost equal to that of their own beloved Ellen Terry.

In the glow of reminiscence it was difficult to have Miss Russell indicate her favorite part, but the role of Elaine brought a sort of a twinkle to her eye which indicated that it was among the memories cherished, although the play could hardly have been called a success. But the critics who saw her in that play still write of how Annie Russell seemed to lose herself in Elaine, giving a most complete, romantic, harmonious, poetic and artistic conception that came close to the borderland of reality.

After an illness lasting over five years, she returned to the stage and won a second fame that will endure as long as the history of the American stage is read and commented upon.

Today Miss Russell is the picture of a woman in the full-orbed maturity with the sweetness and sincerity of her character in the full bloom of a successful and notable career.

There were few actresses who ever appeared in Washington who had a larger following among the theater-goers in the official as well as the society circles. Her appearance was an event that even overshadowed important public matters under consideration on Capitol Hill or in the various departments.

* * *

AN inclination has been observed this season among members of the Diplomatic Corps not to appear in full costume at the various functions. As one of them remarked, "We want to be attired more like Americans. The lively colors and profusion of gold braid and ornament make us feel too conspicuous for the intermingling of people characteristic of an American social event." The representatives of the British Government tenaciously retain their respect for the proper attire on every occasion. If it is gold buttons and braid definitely designated in the regulations, so it will be when the British guest appears at a social function. Mr. Henry Chilton, Acting Counsellor of the British Embassy, has been one of the popular guests at diplomatic dinners, and like a true Englishman, observes to the last degree the formality of dressing properly for dinner, for luncheon, or any occasion in which he is called upon to represent his govern-

ment. It is not altogether a matter of personal inclination, but a mark of respect which is inherent in the Britisher on all formal occasions.

* * *

ON a warm day in Maytime General Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, enjoyed a breathing spell during the long sessions in the V. P. room just across the corridor from the floor of the Senate. All the night previous the flag had floated proudly over the Senate wing of the domed structure around which clusters around the seat of "Government." It is kept at full mast during a recess—parliamentary camouflage—to indicate that the Senate emphasizes the distinction between "recess" and "adjournment." The V. P. room is counted as one of the most historic corners of the Capitol, where political careers are supposed to be embalmed—but not so. Seven vice-presidents were successors to the presidency—beginning with John Adams, who served as the first vice president of the republic. He was threatened with impeachment for the extravagance of purchasing a gilt-framed mirror for \$200 that still adorns the V. P. room at the Capitol. Then came Millard Fillmore, Tyler, Andrew Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge, who moved on up the avenue to the White House. The two latest vice-presidents were re-elected as Presidents.

In this Vice-Presidential retreat are sculptured busts of Henry Wilson from Massachusetts, the vice-president under Grant, who died in the room. There was also one of Hon.



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Mr. Henry Chilton, acting Counsellor of the British Embassy, a popular guest in diplomatic circles

Lafayette S. Foster, a senator from Connecticut, who was president *pro tem.* of the Senate when Andrew Johnson was President. This made Senator Foster a possible successor of the President of the United States in the event of Johnson's impeachment or demise. In another corner of the room was a handsome American flag as a standard, presented to the Vice-Presidents of succeeding administrations by the Women's Relief Club, an auxiliary of the S. A. R. From his swivel chair at a big flat desk, Vice-President Dawes may look upon the famous Peale portrait of George Washington, for which Uncle Sam paid \$2,000, but would now bring \$20,000

if it were to be offered for sale. Here the succession of Vice-Presidents has come and gone in the shadows and spotlight of fame. The ceiling has been clouded with the fumes of Tom Marshall's much mooted five-cent cigar and the under-slung pipe of General Dawes.

One regulation in the life of Vice-Presidents seems unjust. Think of the long run of Vice-Presidents who could and would like to have made speeches to the Senate, sitting there four long years with lips sealed following the one speech permitted them on Inauguration Day, when a Vice-President is the high and mighty of the nation! Four long years must follow with footsteps leading to the presiding officer's desk of the august Senate with only a remote chance of voting "except in the case of a tie." Roll calls come and go during the decades and his name is never once called. The prospect of a real thrill comes only when a filibuster is on or the galleries become unruly by insisting on laughing now and then. Then the Vice-President may speak. In cloistered quarters, the Vice-President, the second highest official of the land, sits and works—and then works and sits—waiting for something to round out or envelop his public career in the majesty of peaceful oblivion—like a spinster waiting for a proposal. But Leap Year comes every four years, when another Vice-President is elected.

* * *

EASTER vacation is the one time when many boys and girls see Washington in all the glory of the bloom of the cherry blossoms on the Potomac,—a reminder of Japan's gesture of good will—and the splendor of the white dogwood, with its proclamation of peacefulness and happy, hopeful Spring of youth. With widely opened and wondering eyes, they look upon the senators and representatives engaged on the floor of their respective chambers while the admiring constituents in the gallery look on. Every nook and corner of the gay old capitol building is under the searching gaze of future legislators and presidents, who find something new in



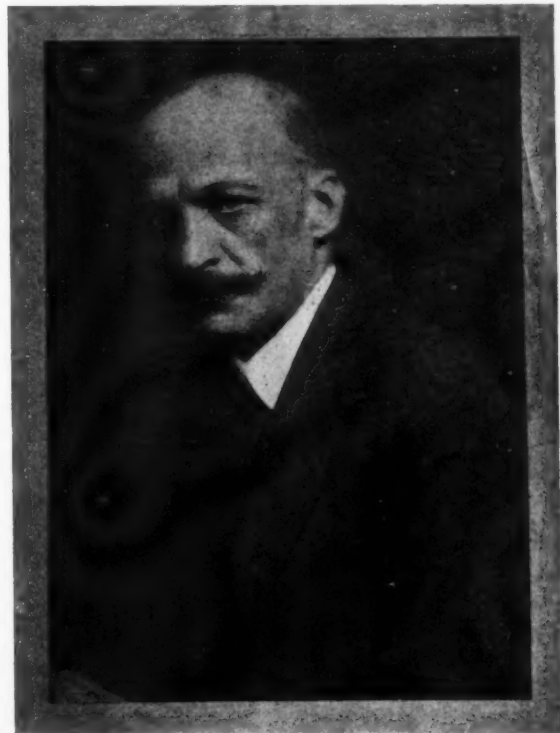
Vice-President Charles G. Dawes and his escort at the American Legion Convention

the impressive structure in their rambles extending from crypt to dome.

* * *

THE Spanish Embassy at Washington has been the centre of social activity for the younger diplomatic set. Senor Don Alejandro Padilla and his charming wife and daughters have been hosts on many occasions, dispensing hospitality in the gracious and royal custom of old Espagna. The popularity of Spanish attire among American women at this time, to say nothing of the fascination of shawls, had indicated that an appreciation of Spanish customs is growing in this country

in somewhat the same proportion as we are to the Spanish style of architecture. Indeed Spain is now coming into its own as the "motherland" as far as the early discovery and settlement of America is concerned, for does not Florida contain St. Augustine, the oldest continuously inhabited city within the present boundaries of the United States. Recent discoveries of mammals and fossils on the East Coast have aroused the enthusiasm of geologists in proving the existence of a prehistoric race in that locality that dates back further than anything else yet discovered on the continent. A species



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Senor Don Alejandro Padilla, Ambassador of Spain, at Washington—The Padilla family is very popular in diplomatic circles

of mastodon with four tusks was recently unearthed by archaeologists near Melbourne on the East Coast. All this brings us nearer to Spanish history.

* * *

CROWDED corridors leading to Judge Bailey's quarters in the District Court House indicated the location of the Teapot Dome trial, where Harry F. Sinclair was tried for conspiracy. Long lines waited outside for a peep at the proceedings, for Teapot Dome has been a much-discussed topic. Judge Bailey, with his heavy black eyebrows and soft nasal voice, hurried the proceedings along at a lively pace, and kept an eye on the clock. The jurors were instructed not even to discuss the case with each other before the evidence was all in—for there was still a memory of a mistrial. A blackboard was used to indicate the location of the Teapot Dome and maps and books were introduced as evidence to such an extent that it might have seemed moving day for the judge, when all gathered together. Mr. Sinclair was among those present, an interested spectator, as the evidence was given pro and con. The Government prosecutors, Owen Roberts and Atlee Pomerene, were vigorous in their prosecution, and Martin H. Littleton and his assistants gave them a battle royal on legalities and a presentation of evidence which indicated that there might be two sides to the case if one had never heard of Teapot Dome and its many-sided and sensational discussion as a political issue, as well as a badly bungled job of alleged corruption. It looked for a time as if the prosecution would involve every politician who lived actively during the piping days when the lease was made in the smell of an oil scandal.

AMID the crowded throngs at the Mayflower almost every night during the season is a sprinkling of debutantes. It has become a popular social centre for the younger set. As the young folks pass through the corridor, which is somewhat more expansive than the old-time "Peacock Alley" at the Waldorf, there is a suggestion of flowers, not alone the gorgeous corsages and bouquets they wear—but the "flower of youth." There is a difference in the way they laugh from that of the more elderly. Modern courtship has become a most practical matter and doesn't necessarily depend on



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Miss Jane Love, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Love, of Texas

sombre-hued lovers' lanes or a cozy nook in the parlor with the lights turned low. It seems as if youth is growing more oblivious of what others may say or think, as long as they can enjoy themselves in their own good way. I am not so sure that it is not better than the old-fashioned way, at least it gives older people a chance to look on in the passing panorama of young people and renew their youth—for "all the world loves a lover." Among the debutantes this season were Misses Celeste Pope and Jane Love, who entertained at the Mayflower with all the grace and beauty of having a party in their own home.

* * *

SITTING in the gallery of the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, I have often wondered why more Senators did not succumb in that inside coop of a room, where foul air was breathed over and over by Senators trying to deliberate and discuss great questions. The original plans for the Senate Chamber were not carried out, and the result is a room which a breath of outside air has never directly entered. The ventilation is an artificial process with air pumped up from the Capitol grounds. Soon after he came to Washington representing the Empire State, Senator Royal Copeland began his crusade. The ink was scarcely dry on his resignation as Health Commissioner, when he began to think of the health of his new colleagues in Washington. He had spent a lifetime thinking in terms of health, and for six years he has been talking in season and out of season, concerning a bill to en-

large the Senate Chamber and permit some of God's fresh air to enter the room where the august assemblage convenes. He has protested against the lack of ventilation every day that he has responded to the roll-call. Success now crowns his effort, for an appropriation of \$500,000 has been made to alter the north end of the Capitol. The Senate Chamber will be a large semi-circular room in white marble, twice the present size, with three cathedral windows twenty feet wide and sixty feet high. In an impressive speech he said.

"In twelve years thirty-six Senators have died in office," he said, "and most of the men who have died have been men who spent much of their time in this chamber. It is unfortunate that the very men who are most conscientious in their attendance are the ones most likely to suffer because of physical conditions which are existent.

"Since I have been a member of this body I have been sorry I am a doctor. I cannot help appraising the health of the men in this chamber. I have prophesied to myself almost without failure the deaths that would occur. It saddens me now when I look into the faces of men here to see how health is melting from them and, with each session of the Senate, how they break down physically.

"The plan provides for carrying this chamber out to the north wall of the Capitol. It will be interesting to Senators who have not studied it to know that that was the original plan. The chamber was originally to have gone to the north



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Miss Celeste Pope, who was presented to society at a tea dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Pope

wall. The contracts were let and the foundations were in and when the building was completed to this story, a change was decided upon, and it was determined to make a thermos bottle out of the chamber instead of a livable place."

* * *

THE election of Mrs. Bonnie Busch as president of the League of American Pen Women was a well-deserved expression of appreciation of one who has given much time to the work of the league. An author, singer and musician, she has enjoyed marked popularity, while her home in Miami

and in Washington has been the rendezvous for many notable gatherings of the literati and artists—a veritable salon—where people interested in the allied arts meet, mingle and become acquainted. The annual convention of the League in Washington is largely attended by representative women authors and is a time for recruiting for new talent.

* * *

IN Congressional circles Mrs. John Q. Tilson, wife of the Republican leader on the floor of Congress, has established a reputation in her own right as a leader in congressional circles. In these days the wives of congressmen and senators have their discussions that are oftentimes more interesting and enlightening than the discussions on Capitol Hill. Mrs. Tilson has her home at the Mayflower and her guests usually represent every political party, which makes the functions she has given occasions of lively comment that extends beyond the boundaries of the formal dinner conversation. While very active in Washington, Mrs. Tilson is very fond of the home in Connecticut, where she continues to preside over a hospitable home, for which Hon. John Q. Tilson and his helpmate have been famed.

* * *

WHEN it comes to directing national political campaigns it is found that the wife of the chairman is usually posted in the trend of affairs, for does she not represent that



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Mrs. Clem Shaver, of West Virginia, wife of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee

large percentage known as the "women vote." Wise is the chairman that listens to the wifely counsel. Mrs. Clem Shaver has long been interested in politics. One could not live in West Virginia long without becoming more or less active in politics, for it is known as a pivotal State. Mr. Shaver has been Chairman of the Democratic National Committee at a time when it required a level head and an inestimable fund of patience. In their home at Fairmount, West Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Shaver take an active interest in educational matters. In fact Mr. Shaver has been one of the

great friends of the Four-H Clubs that have attracted nationwide attention and pointed the way to practical and efficient methods in helping worthy and energetic young men and women to get a good start in life, fortified with an education that proves a concrete asset right from the time they begin to meet the problems of making a living and building up a career.

* * *

AGAIN Congress has bestowed the Distinguished Flying Cross to trans-Atlantic flyers. The three gallant members of the crew of the "Bremen" were the recipients of the



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Mrs. John Q. Tilson, wife of Representative Tilson, of Connecticut

highest honors the nation could bestow. Baron Von Huenefeld and Captain Hermann Koehl of Germany and Major James Fitzmaurice of the Irish Free State were given a royal reception in Washington and New York. They completed the round trip across the Atlantic from East to West which Colonel Lindbergh began from West to East. The flight from Dublin to the lonely Greenely Isle off Labrador adds another thrilling chapter to the history of aviation in the making for 1928. The horrible death-toll that has been taken in pioneering the sky-lines during the past year is appalling; but much of this is soon forgotten in the triumphs of achievement. While the intrepid "Bremen" aviators did not complete their journey from continent to continent, their achievement indicates the possibilities of swift and successful flights across the Atlantic. Aviation is doing much for peace and good will in the world, and the flight of Colonel Lindbergh on an errand of mercy to his dying aviator pal, Floyd Bennett, indicates that aviation has its great mission in the humanities and every-day life of the people.

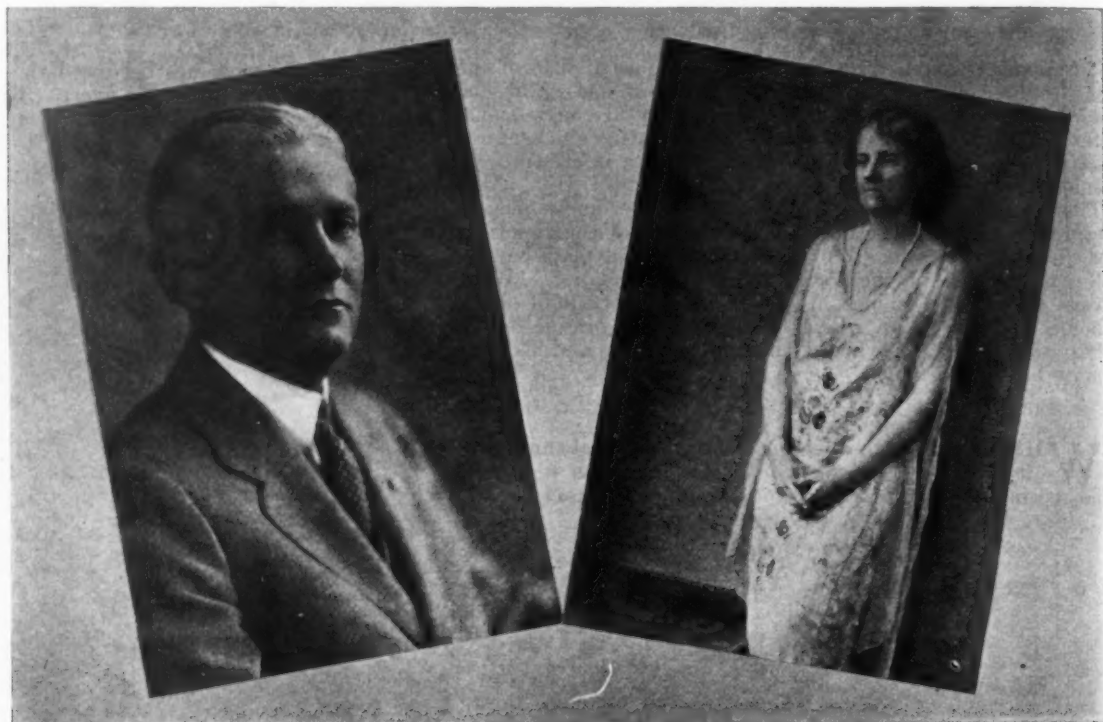
* * *

CHARACTERISTIC of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, he is celebrating the anniversary of his epochal flight to Paris in his own modest way. He flew from St. Louis to Washington in his famous machine in record-breaking time, making the 725-mile journey in a little over five hours. While

he insisted that it is still a good ship and its silver wings cut through the air at the same pace in which he made the trip to Paris, Colonel Lindbergh decided that "We" must part. He touched the nose of the silver ship affectionately after he had covered 43,000 miles in this country, Latin America and

and spiralled up and down for two hours to find the top of a ceiling below. With his face dripping, he turned to me and a look at the gas told the story—fifteen minutes more, and we had to land somewhere. "Fifty-fifty," shouted Mike, without the quiver of an eye. On the last sixty seconds he found

*United States
Senator and
Mrs. Hiram
Bingham,
of Connecticut*



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abroad, as it was about to be dismantled and take its place with the Langley plane, and it is hoped later the Wright plane, in the Smithsonian Institute to thrill future generations. In the matter of mileage alone, this plane has the top record, but in historical interest, having visited every state in the Union in a 23,000-mile flight, and a Good Will tour to South America, it is a treasured national trophy that far excels anything that has ever yet been preserved in the way of armament associated with the tragedies of war, while "We" will ever possess the inspirations of peace.

* * *

WHENEVER any matter comes up in the Senate that has to do with Hawaii, Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut is unconsciously "all attention." A native of Honolulu, one cannot wonder at his recognition of the islands that Captain Cook discovered as a mature state. Educated at Andover, University of California, and Harvard, he began his life career as instructor at Harvard, continuing later at Princeton and Yale in the same capacity as a member of the faculty at each one of this great trio of American universities. A reputation as an explorer was established long before he entered public life. The adventuresome trip over Bolivar's route across Venezuela, the Spanish Trade route from Buenos Aires to Lima, and the direction of extensive Peruvian explorations assert the physical as well as mental endurance of the college professor. A Lieutenant-colonel in the Air Service during the war, he was elected governor of Connecticut in 1924, but in a month after his election he was chosen as United States Senator to succeed the late Frank B. Brandegee. Senator and Mrs. Bingham are the parents of seven stalwart sons, and his service in the Senate has indicated that there is a place of usefulness in that august body for a thoroughly-educated and well-traveled member.

* * *

AS the toll of death continues among aviators, I often think of the late Mike Brady, the pilot with whom I made a forced landing in Florida. We were in a dense fog

a hole in the clouds, for it had been like being imprisoned in a cake of ice; he dropped in a circle landing on an abandoned real estate addition. When we splashed in the mud and water, I congratulated Mike on our escape. "Escape?" he echoed laconically. "There is only one escape for us—we make the happy landing finally." The next year Mike met his "es-



*Colonel Charles
A. Lindbergh
world's aviation
hero, with
Ambassador
Houghton and
military aide
on his arrival
at the Croyden
airdrome*

cape"—a crash and I can recall his smile as he echoed—"we made the happy landing finally." The honor paid Floyd Bennett who died while on his errand of mercy to take supplies and rescue the Bremen fliers indicate how heroic deeds appeal to the people.

Rupert Hughes Exploding Historic Frailties

*The dauntless military major, author and playwright still searching for the weak spots in the life and career of characters of history that are enhaloed in tradition and age-old impression—
He applies what he thinks to what he has read and found out*

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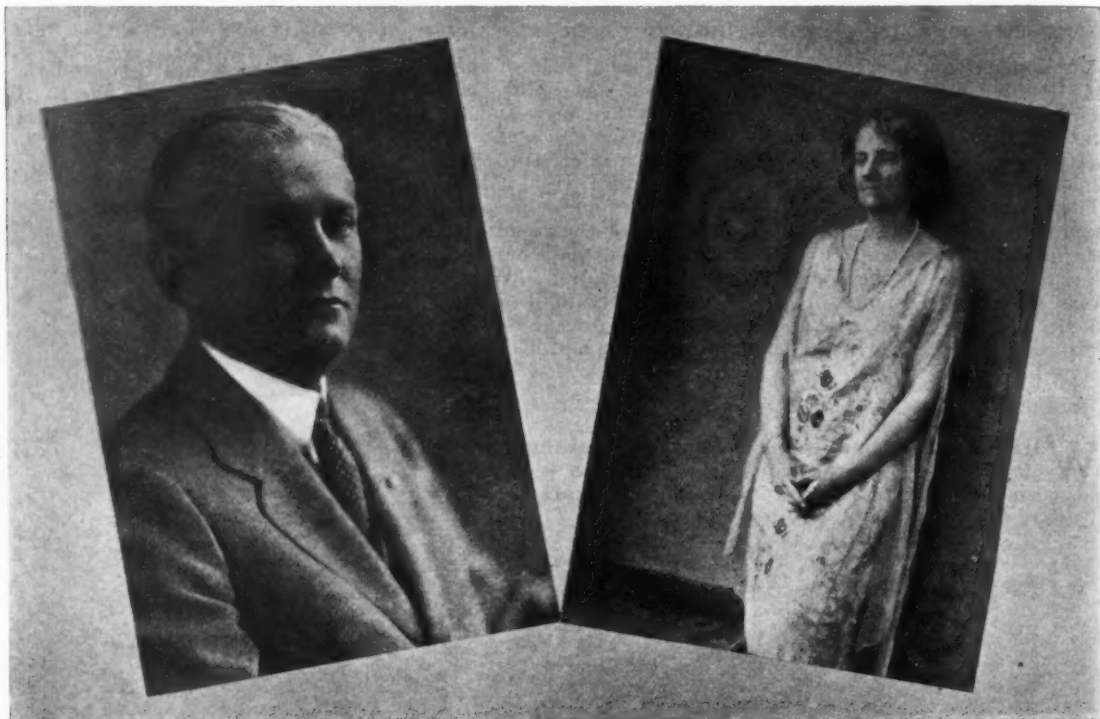
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he insisted that it is still a good ship and its silver wings cut through the air at the same pace in which he made the trip to Paris, Colonel Lindbergh decided that "We" must part. He touched the nose of the silver ship affectionately after he had covered 43,000 miles in this country, Latin America and

and spiralled up and down for two hours to find the top of a ceiling below. With his face dripping, he turned to me and a look at the gas told the story—fifteen minutes more, and we had to land somewhere. "Fifty-fifty," shouted Mike, without the quiver of an eye. On the last sixty seconds he found

United States
Senator and
Mrs. Hiram
Bingham,
of Connecticut



Harris & Ewing

abroad, as it was about to be dismantled and take its place with the Langley plane, and it is hoped later the Wright plane, in the Smithsonian Institute to thrill future generations. In the matter of mileage alone, this plane has the top record, but in historical interest, having visited every state in the Union in a 23,000-mile flight, and a Good Will tour to South America, it is a treasured national trophy that far excels anything that has ever yet been preserved in the way of armament associated with the tragedies of war, while "We" will ever possess the inspirations of peace.

* * *

WHENEVER any matter comes up in the Senate that has to do with Hawaii, Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut is unconsciously "all attention." A native of Honolulu, one cannot wonder at his recognition of the islands that Captain Cook discovered as a mature state. Educated at Andover, University of California, and Harvard, he began his life career as instructor at Harvard, continuing later at Princeton and Yale in the same capacity as a member of the faculty at each one of this great trio of American universities. A reputation as an explorer was established long before he entered public life. The adventuresome trip over Bolivar's route across Venezuela, the Spanish Trade route from Buenos Aires to Lima, and the direction of extensive Peruvian explorations assert the physical as well as mental endurance of the college professor. A Lieutenant-colonel in the Air Service during the war, he was elected governor of Connecticut in 1924, but in a month after his election he was chosen as United States Senator to succeed the late Frank B. Brandegee. Senator and Mrs. Bingham are the parents of seven stalwart sons, and his service in the Senate has indicated that there is a place of usefulness in that august body for a thoroughly-educated and well-traveled member.

* * *

AS the toll of death continues among aviators, I often think of the late Mike Brady, the pilot with whom I made a forced landing in Florida. We were in a dense fog

a hole in the clouds, for it had been like being imprisoned in a cake of ice; he dropped in a circle landing on an abandoned real estate addition. When we splashed in the mud and water, I congratulated Mike on our escape. "Escape?" he echoed laconically. "There is only one escape for us—we make the happy landing finally." The next year Mike met his "es-



Colonel Charles
A. Lindbergh
world's aviation
hero, with
Ambassador
Houghton and
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on his arrival
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cape"—a crash and I can recall his smile as he echoed—"we made the happy landing finally." The honor paid Floyd Bennett who died while on his errand of mercy to take supplies and rescue the Bremen fliers indicate how heroic deeds appeal to the people.

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where every improvement in food and service has been developed day by day, creating for the Cafe Savarin a national and international distinction. The personnel, under the direction of Manager Hall, has here demonstrated the utilitarian and artistic plans of Boomer. Every one of the organization took a special pride in making his or her work superlative in every way. Waiters long in the service have almost become hosts in themselves, without the slightest suggestion of intrusiveness. The guest is at once made to feel he is welcome, and that his wishes are supreme, as if he were in his own home. The tables do not rock, the service is from the left if he is right-handed, and from the right if he is left-handed. The meal proceeds without distraction, as if the table and the space was for the time his very own. Whatever is asked

for is supplied, for the menu card is considered a contract to be fulfilled to the letter. There is a spirit of "We" exemplified by Colonel Lindbergh, following out the three succinct slogans of Mr. Boomer: "Organize, Deputize and Supervise." A guest can be served in three minutes if desired, and yet there is no appearance of haste or irritating clatter because of the perfected arrangements which brings the kitchen, with its touch of individual home cooking and tempting viands close to the table. Three requisites were inaugurated by Mr. Boomer on the opening day: That every meal must be artistic, sanitary, and have that something different about it that would appeal to the jaded appetite as well as to the call of hunger. In dining at Cafe Savarin I noticed that the soup had that subtle seasoning and distinct flavoring with body and substance that is backed by the professional pride of an expert chef. The plates for the fish were never foundationed in grease, but toothsome and appetizing. The roast beef was tender and rich, that challenged the fame of the roast beef of old England; the salad crisp and delicious, was an art in itself; while the dessert, well—after that Boston cream pie and real cream ice cream with a cup of coffee carrying the aroma of "Araby blest," there was nothing more required to put me at peace with all the world, and loathe to leave until I glimpsed the hungry ones patiently waiting for their turn at the Savarin banquet. The well-dispatched midday meal was to me a real palate memory just suiting my wants. And all this apparently adjusted to the widely varied temperament and tastes of a thousand individual diners in the same room. That is what might be called "a jury agreed."

All this was the result of years of study and experience, in finding the common denominator in the eating equation. Here personnel plays an important part. The employees have their Christmas tree with all the members of their own families, and are given an annual dinner where the waiters become the guests and learn how to perfect their vocation by becoming in turn critical guests to each other, thoroughly rehearsing details of every motion that might further enhance the fame of Cafe Savarin.

The lunch counter had a gentility all its own and is pronounced the premiere of that phase of "lunching" that is distinctively American. Here the same food supplies the wants of the inner man at the table is passed with a dexterous and polite service that makes the one perched on a stool feel as if he had been invited to "drop in and have a bite."

Among the patrons of Cafe Savarin is a list of names that sounds like a "Who's Who." Here Theodore Roosevelt, while on the Police Commission, often had his corned beef and

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Spanish bread. The palatable preferences of the late John W. Gates, Henry Frick, James J. Hill and other big leaders were known at the Savarin, while today Charles Schwab, Otto Kahn, Felix Warburg, partners of the house of Morgan, and thousands of other men whose names occupy front-page space in the newspapers and in the records of American business, continue to talk over plans for gigantic industrial projects at the Savarin board. Thousands of lunches are sent out every day to Savarin patrons who cannot spare the time to drop in, that day, but they dispatch the menu card and touch the button and "dinner is served." The magnet power of Cafe Savarin is so pronounced that they have been compelled to transform the grim vaults of the old Federal Reserve Bank into a cozy and inviting retreat in which to dine *a la Savarin*, "far from the madding crowd," and yet, within the magic circle of that swirling maelstrom of trade and finance known as Wall Street. There are rooms for the women whose discriminating taste has found in the Savarin all the advantages of a down-town club. The paradox of it all is that the Savarin prices are not beyond the reach of the average individual and represent about as complete a food value as can be secured. This is made possible by the economies effected through large patronage and an efficient co-operation of experts. One has a feeling that the fundamental basis of it all is thorough organization.

* * *

It was natural that the unparalleled epicurean reputation of Cafe Savarin should expand, for there are seven million people in New York and a large percentage of them know the name "Savarin" as a word added to the vernacular that is synonymous to food excellence. When the Graybar Building was completed in the very centre of the Grand Central Station district, it was logical that a Savarin restaurant should be located there to meet the wants of the millions of travelers, as well as the trend of population uptown. Here the Savarin banner was implanted, carrying with it the ideas of Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, and the modern perfection that has followed with the basic tenets of the art. Another tribute to the par excellence of the Savarin system was given when the Pennsylvania Railroad turned over their elaborate and stately dining rooms in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, together with all their station restaurants and lunch counters from Pittsburgh east. Under the direction of Mr. Boomer and his active associates in management—Augustus Nulle and

Edmund J. Horwath—their tastes were turned Savarinward. This involved catering to a large number of the patrons of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and covered the one other great terminal point for travelers to and from "li'l old New York." Those far afield and on the wing may now enjoy dining on the same food as at Cafe Savarin of happy memories, although far away from 120 Broadway. Over twenty thousand people now dine *a la Savarin* every day. The list also includes the Savarinette located in Astor Court, just across the way from the Waldorf-Astoria, where the great motor bus terminal of New York is located. It would seem as if the Savarin-esque "Welcome to Mine Inn" covers every gateway to the nation's metropolis. All this involves a myriad of details that has to do with the test of every dish served under a rigid supervision, extending from the purchase of food on through to the final checking of accounts. All this is a matter of mathematics—of cause and effect. It determines almost how much sugar, pepper and salt that each individual consumes, and even the transportation cost from kitchen to the table.

During the World War the information given to the Food Administration by Mr. Boomer and the hotel men of the country generally was invaluable in a vital essential that had much to do with the winning of the war.

* * *

A dominating phase of national and international economics is involved in the matter and manner of food supply. The very temperament of the people and the progress of the nation harks back to the ever-present problem of bodily sustenance. Was it not Napoleon who said "a well-fed army is a victorious army," insisting that civilization from the beginning has been largely a matter of food. This is why an institution like Cafe Savarin has a very potent influence on the currents of American life. Food in war time is in the last analysis no more potent than it is in peace and prosperity. Revolutions are often generated in hunger.

In the routine of life there must be cooks as well as poets, inventors, and generals born, for as the sage of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin, recorded "A man becomes a cook, but a roasting cook is born. Any cook can put a roast on the spit, but only the born roasting cook knows to the second when to take it off." That is why I always associate Savarin with roast beef, browned potatoes, fresh vegetables, Yorkshire pudding, appetizing gravy, toothsome fish. It always seems just right and never requires an apology. Going through the large kitchen of this Pennsyl-

vania Station Savarin restaurant, the largest in New York, with the manager, H. G. Devlin, I became hungry again even after a full meal. There were the sort of pies and cookies and the cinnamon rolls that mother used to make, and the gigantic storerooms of this one Savarinized restaurant indicated that the "cupboard was not bare." Somehow it symbolized the busy bee in storing away the food for tomorrow. In the larders of the Savarin are gathered the supply from all quarters of the globe. Delicacies that in old days were served only to the kings and feudal barons are now within the reach of the great masses of people hurrying to and fro in this workaday world, which has never escaped the age-old necessity of eating and drinking, along with the merriments and worriments of life. Mark the change in the individual who knows the joy of "dining wisely and well," resulting in a contentment that fortifies for the task and enjoyments of life day by day. Good food is the real sustaining and enduring stimulant that nothing else can supply. Consequently the discussion of such institutions as the Savarin has enlisted the interest of writers of books by the score and enlists the constant attention of statesmen and economists and leaders in public life. Periodicals such as the *Saturday Evening Post* and scores of others have paid their tribute to Brillat-Savarin and the organization named for him, which is carrying on their part in meeting the insistent demands that are becoming more intricate with the complexities of modern life. The call today is for speed, still more speed, attuned to the pace of an age of aviation and radio, which is bringing the world closer together in an understanding of the comforts and necessities of the increasing population of teeming millions. Mass production and distribution still remain basic problems with the ever-increasing necessity of the individual multiplying and projecting his work so as to achieve single-handed and through co-operation much more than ever was required in the past. That is why organizations of the character of the Savarin have evolved—built firm and strong—on the foundation of the experiences and philosophy of the individual as a unit. As a citizen of France and a resident of America, the fame of Brillat-Savarin is perpetuated in the New World as the lawyer epicure of the Old World would have wished. His name has become as illustrious as that of statesmen, authors and poets, for he has proved a guide, philosopher and friend to all those who delight in dining well, not only in the Savarin restaurants, but wherever good food serves to add to the health and happiness of humankind.



Firestone's Conquests in the Rubber Realm

The magical rise to fame and fortune of the Ohio boy who believed in work—His conquest of the problems of rubber supply reaches out to the revived Republic of Liberia in darkest Africa which is supplying material for motor tires in America

WHETHER in his home at Miami Beach, in his factories or at his home town Akron, Ohio, Harvey S. Firestone never seems to cease thinking in universals, and applying that thought to definite and concrete results. Confronted with the monopoly of rubber held firm and fast by the British, he sought a way out of the difficulties and burdens that fall upon every American using an automobile tire. He began with Thomas Edison, investigating the possibilities of rubber plant production in Florida and in Mexico. He made an extensive survey in the Philippines. Some years ago he decided upon developing large plantations in the Republic of Liberia, a nation that was nurtured and helped by Uncle Sam in the years when the slavery question was uppermost in the minds of the people. His son Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. took charge of the initiative work and is already there producing rubber at a price that, in a way, has broken the shackles of the British monopoly.

Wherever the tire of a motor car spins, the name of Firestone is known. Automobiles were made possible because of pneumatic tires. They were virtually the wings of Mercury. Even a gasoline engine could never propel vehicles at an economic speed with the old style tires of the prairie schooner days.

* * *

The making of motor tires is largely the history of Akron, Ohio. And Akron's story includes the biography of a modest little man bearing the name of Harvey Samuel Firestone, born in Columbiana County, Ohio, in 1868. For fifty-nine years he has been a busy individual. In high school his teacher found him apt in figures and arithmetic and advised that he should attend a business college and make "eagles" Spencerian style. After his thorough mastery of trial balances as a bookkeeper, he became president of the Victor Rubber Company in Chicago in 1896. Scarcely twenty-two, he was sitting up nights mastering the subject of rubber, but he was not dreaming then that rubber tires would some day become a dominating factor in the industry.

In 1900 he organized the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company of the U. S. A. The rest of the story is focused within the cycle of rubber tire consumption. Beginning with seventeen employees, Harvey Firestone Rubber Company now has on its payroll nearly twenty thousand men. During the war he was prominent in organizing the rubber division of the War Industries Board and continued the habit of sitting up nights directing the activities involving the query "Whose got the rubber?"

Harvey Firestone without Henry Ford, and vice versa, on a vacation jaunt is inconceivable. They enjoy play days together and are as associated as the tire is to the Ford or the Ford to the tire. A great friend of the late John Burroughs and President Harding, to whom he presented a saddle horse, Harvey Firestone takes his real holidays far away from the traveled, oil-baked boulevards, where the procession of automobiles pass.



Harvey S. Firestone

Despite the magnitude of his business operations, he keeps in close touch with the affairs of the home town, having been president of the Chamber of Commerce and the hospitality of "Harbel Manor" on Medina Road, Akron, Ohio, is known far and wide. Three of the boys and girls of the home high school are provided every year with a four-year college education, if he or she can write the best essay on good roads and highways.

* * *

A rather slender man, with a smooth face, blue eyes, very quiet and retiring, Harvey Firestone says little but thinks much. He naturally believes in traveling by automobile and using Firestone tires. While he can put on a tire with celerity, he

is not famed for explosive language (—) when there is a blow out.

"Blow outs are not to be associated with the Firestone tires," he laughingly suggested.

The wonder to me is how this little giant of a man can project ideas of such a high voltage of personality in building up payrolls, markets and all around development.

"The world owes much to a creative genius, as well as to the masters of literature and art. In the last analysis human existence is first a bread and butter proposition. There is one word I always remember written on the blackboard and not erased for a week. That word was 'perseverance' and I was able to spell that word before I was certain there were two b's in 'rabbit.' Problems are half solved when you decide to take them up item by item as you would in checking an account."

The Damon and Pythias friendship of Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone dates back to the struggling days, when few people were quite certain about the development of the automobile industry which has surpassed even the wildest dreams of the prophets and enthusiasts that used to for-gather at Detroit twenty-five years ago and wonder what it was all about in the shimmering light of the electric tower that served as lighting facilities of the city founded by Cadillac. In later years Ford and Firestone enjoyed their vacations together with Thomas A. Edison, who visits Mr. Firestone at his home at Miami Beach in winter and enjoys a summer ramble somewhere with his "friend from Akron." In his modest way, he has a manner of conversation that is pleasing and convincing. He has a smile that is cheering and a dynamic method of expressing himself without explosive epithets or over-worked adjectives. He thinks at a trip-hammer pace, but knows how to work out details and select the right men to carry out projects. The intensive loyalty of the Firestone organization is the result of a definite cause, for it begins at headquarters in a thought of all those on the payroll as co-workers enthused with the idea of making the trademark which they represent as standard as the word "sterling" is to silver. The city of Akron has become the rubber center of the world through the concentrated genius of men like Harvey Firestone whose business vision is not limited to making the profits of today and tomorrow, but establishing commercial relations that will endure on a basis of *quid pro quo* and be ready for every emergency that may come in industrial blow-outs—to keep the millions of wheels going which is now so closely related to all manner of human activities the world over.







Houston, a rival Port City, sent a train load of well wishers with brass bands and banners to help Corpus Christi celebrate the opening of its deep water port

What Has Happened in Corpus Christi

Development work done on the Rio Grande in building a new live wire border city—What a Chamber of Commerce can do with the proper support under the more modern phases of city building

By FRED HIGH

ABOUT four years ago a certain salesman gave up selling building material out of Chicago and undertook the job of selling a whole section of the Lone Star State. The salesman was Ralph Bradford; the section was the South Texas Gulf Coast. The commodities offered for sale were climate, seashore, health, agricultural and industrial opportunities, and the sales organization was the Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce.

When asked why he was taking the job of manager of that organization, Bradford said: "Because it is the center of the last underdeveloped strip of semi-tropic coast line in the United States. Great things are in store for that section. Its hour for real development has arrived, and I want to have a part in it."

He was seeking an opportunity to do some constructive work, and he believed it existed

in Corpus Christi. He had an idea that a Chamber of Commerce ought to be something more than a retail merchant's credit bureau—that it ought to be a vital, constructive force in an aggressive community program; he has been manager of the Chamber of Commerce at Corpus Christi ever since, and the things that have happened have justified his faith in that part of Texas, and his idea of the true function of a Chamber of Commerce.

* * *

In 1920 Corpus Christi had a population of 10,522. Today it has over 25,000. Most of this has been added during the past four years, and the growth is continuing at the rate of about twenty per cent a year. Telephone and electric light installations showed an increase of 16.5 per cent the past year. Postal receipts increased almost 17 per cent,

and the school census showed a 30 per cent increase.

The people of Corpus Christi have been making things happen. They have been leading a real crusade that has lifted them by their own bootstraps out of obscurity into national prominence in the space of a few short years.

The budget of their Chamber of Commerce for several years has been higher than any other town of its size in the country. They have taxed themselves for public work until it hurts, and keep right on planning as they go forward.

They have the usual quota of people who fight any advance step, and by their apathy make it hard for those in the front ranks of workers. There is the usual fight and struggle to put over a greater program; but the percentage of workers and men with vision

is sufficient to maintain the high standard that has been set.

Before outlining its full program the Chamber of Commerce made an exhaustive survey of all the possessions, resources and opportunities of the city. The approval of engineers, experts, and practical men of affairs was then secured, and the real work got under way.

Three years ago the writer conducted a Greater Community Campaign in Corpus Christi under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce, and was given the most willing, effective and enthusiastic co-operation in the effort that was put forth to win success in the undertaking.

In addition to the work within the city, we made numerous trips to surrounding towns, taking an auto caravan of nearly a hundred cars, headed by a brass band. As a result, the entire countryside back of Corpus Christi was knit in with the program of Corpus Christi itself, and a better spirit of understanding and co-operation prevailed than ever before. Today the Chamber of Commerce has actually welded the interest and sentiment of Corpus Christi's entire trade territory into a unified program of development that embraces not only Corpus Christi, but all the territory surrounding. For instance, towns thirty miles away from Corpus Christi do not speak of the new seaport at Corpus Christi as though it was a Corpus Christi institution. They refer to it as "our port at Corpus Christi."

With such a background, is it any wonder that the people of Corpus Christi are accomplishing such great things?

What are some of these things? In the first place, in September, 1926, they opened their new seaport—a project built under Federal supervision, and with Federal aid, at a cost of nearly six million dollars. This port in its first year of operation has stepped into the front rank of cotton ports, and has given Corpus Christi a commanding position in maritime circles. During the past two years no less than nineteen new subdivisions have been opened up, several of which were first-class, restricted districts. Over twenty miles of new paving and sidewalks were laid. Forty-two new business buildings and eight hundred homes were erected in the same period, and at the same time fifteen miles of new water and gas mains and thirty-nine miles of laterals were laid. The building program has run over eight million dollars. On additions and extensions to the water and gas plants \$550,000 were expended, and work is now started on a monster dam forty miles west of the city, where at a cost of \$2,000,000, the flood waters of the Nueces River will be impounded to take care of the future needs of the city.

During this time the city has carried on a nation-wide advertising campaign that has carried the message of Corpus Christi to millions of interested readers, with the result that a constant stream of inquiries are received, and a steady influx of new citizens have arrived.

I do not mean that Corpus Christi is having a boom. The Chamber of Commerce didn't start in to boom the town, but to build it. They had seen the fallacy, and the disaster of mushroom booms, and were resolved that Corpus Christi should be built on a stable and permanent basis.

Dependable figures depict the results: The Federal Reserve Bank at Dallas listed Corpus Christi as one of the seven cities in Texas that increased its building permits in June, 1927, over June, 1926; one of six that increased in July permits over July of last year, and one of only three whose total permits for the first six months of 1927 surpassed the same period of 1926. The increase at Corpus Christi was 65.4 per cent.

A statement of the character of some of the recent buildings will give a better understanding of the growth of Corpus Christi. Two compress and storage concerns were built, one costing \$300,000, the other \$700,000. The latter, by the way, has announced it will double its capacity this year, which will mean another \$700,000 on the 1928 building program. Two hotels are under construction, one costing \$300,000, the other \$450,000. Two warehouses were built, the first costing \$125,000, the second \$150,000. A new theatre cost \$30,000, and stores that were enlarged or were new built amounted to \$150,000 more.

A recent special election voted bonds for \$1,500,000 to make additions to the port facilities—and this after only its first year of operation! At the same time, another election was held and voted \$2,000,000 for a system of hard-surfaced roads throughout Nueces county. Therein lies one reason for the success of Corpus Christi; for more than half the taxable values of Nueces County are in Corpus Christi, yet the people of Corpus Christi cheerfully tax themselves over a million dollars to help the smaller towns and country people develop a system of good roads—thus giving a fine example of the best type of enlightened selfishness.

Corpus Christi also enjoys a great and growing tourist business. Tourist traffic, both winter and summer, increased over 50 per cent during the first three months of 1928. The city is not only taking care of tourists, but is doing pioneer work in providing attractions to draw them. One of the great attractions of the Gulf Coast is Padre Island,



Where 105 farmers and their friends put up \$150 each and gave two weeks of their time, covered 43 towns with a special train; 51,000 people saw their exhibit and since then have purchased 50,000 acres of black land where Texas meets the sea

the far-flung sand key that stretches from the mouth of Corpus Christi Bay southward one hundred and fifty miles in a fine crescent along the coast, to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Fishing on this island is unexcelled; its broad road and beach is a magnificent highway. But—it could be reached only by boats and consequently only a limited number of people could visit it. Last year the Chamber of Commerce backed a local

company, went out and sold \$35,000 out of a total of \$100,000 stock—and built a causeway to the island, over which five hundred automobiles passed the first day it was open, and over which thousands have since passed to the splendid fishing, bathing and auto beach that are found on the island. Tourists can now drive for one hundred and fifty miles along the beach, right to the edge of the gleaming Gulf—with Corpus Christi at one end of the drive and with the Lower Rio Grande Valley and Old Mexico at the other!

None of this merely happened. There was no hocus-pocus or new psychology about any of it. It is all the result of work—just plain, old-fashioned work, leavened with a certain amount of common sense. In every effort put forth there has been the consciousness that inspiration is fine, but that it is only an effervescent pretense unless it is mixed with a good deal of perspiration.

Somehow I never speak of perspiration but that I think of Corpus Christi—not that it is any hotter there than elsewhere. On the contrary, it has a remarkably cool summer climate. One of the hardest weeks of work I ever put in was the week I spent there on their community campaign three years ago, but it was worth it—both in results obtained, and in appreciation. One of my most highly prized letters is the one I received after my work there. I think I spoke on an average of five times a day that week; and I earned that letter by the sweat of my brow no less than by the dexterous use of my inferior maxillary.

What I am trying to drive home here is that all that has been done to make Corpus Christi grow has been well thought out first, then worked out often even to the point of physical exhaustion.

Corpus Christi has received more free favorable publicity than any city of its size that I know of, and this again was the result of good planning and hard work.

Where is there a Chamber of Commerce where they have, as Corpus Christi has, a community 5 x 7 Graflex Camera? The Chamber of Commerce has an outfit that cost \$190—first dash out of the box.

Was it worth it? One of the first pictures taken by this new outfit was of one of the girls in the office holding an armful of grape fruit—and this picture has decorated the front page of *Farm and Ranch*, probably the largest farm paper in the South, and was also used by one of our biggest news syndicates.

This same community camera played a prominent part in the great free publicity that carried the Corpus Christi stories that recently ran in a syndicate of six hundred farm and local papers in the United States and Canada.

Asked to give my opinion of who is the most effective manager of a Chamber of Commerce in the towns of fifty thousand or less that I have met, I would say without the least hesitancy that Ralph Bradford, manager of the Corpus Christi, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, stands with Harold C. Welch of Jacksonville, Illinois, and W. K. Greenbaum, Michigan City, Indiana, as three of the six most effective all-round secretaries with whom I have ever dealt.

Greenbaum took the deadest town in Indiana and added \$5,000,000 a year to its payroll; Harold C. Welch went to work when Jacksonville had sunk to the very depths of

The Passing of Chauncey Depew

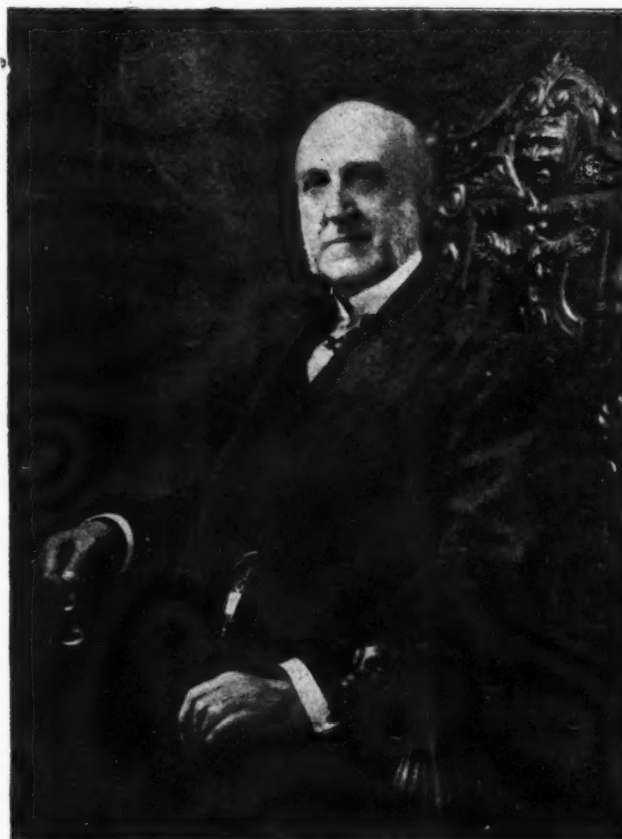
On the eve of his ninety-fourth birthday the Grand Old Man of America leaves the train of Life's journey—A notable public career that spanned over half the history of the Republic reaching back to Ante-Bellum days

WHILE at work on an address to be delivered on his 94th birthday Chauncey Depew found the journey's end on a sunny April day in 1928 at his home in New York City. Returning from a winter's visit to Florida, he was looking forward eagerly to the coming weeks, intending to celebrate his birthday in his office as usual. The news of his passing brought sadness, not only to generations that knew him in active public life, but to the thousands who revered him as America's "grand old man." To the very last this courtier of good will and good cheer insisted upon the silver lining of the clouds and the bright side of life. He loved the sunshine of Florida and spent the larger part of his life basking in the light of friendliness. His collected addresses form a history of the United States and the world at large, covering a most eventful period of history. The tributes paid to his memory at the time of his death were only a sequel to the encomiums he received while living on each recurring birthday. While placid and serene, Chauncey Depew had his struggles in early life. One of his early battles occurred when he was a member of the noted Skull and Bones Club at Yale. The sophomores had broken into the building and raised havoc in revealing the mysteries of the rendezvous. It was thought that there would be nothing left of the invaders when the counter-attack began. The sequel was a tribute to Chauncey Depew's diplomacy. "We made them all members, and virile recruits they proved to be."

The record of addressing more National Republican Conventions than any other one individual was a distinction and he was even planning on attending the Convention at Kansas City, which would have been his 18th appearance at the quadrennial national assemblage of the Republican party to nominate a president. The period covers almost the entire history of the Party from its inception in 1856. Who will ever forget the golden mellow voice of Chauncey Depew, addressing the delegates after the bitter strife incident to a nomination at the Minneapolis Convention in 1892? An open rupture between the Harrison and the Blaine adherents in the tense moments following the last ballot was relieved with a speech appealing for harmony. It was so impressive that each of the opposing factions sent notes to the platform, "Keep Chauncey going." "The speech is working." "Don't let him stop." The effect was magical in bridging the breach for the time at least,—although Harrison the nominee of the Convention was defeated for re-election.

On the 23rd day of April Chauncey M. Depew was to have celebrated his 94th birthday, confidently looking forward to rounding out the century mark, for was he not the man who planned the Twentieth Century train? He even indulged in a political prophecy as to the candidates in 1928 and suggested who might be president if he

Chauncey Depew fairly beamed these words approaching his ninety-third birthday. He was in his office at his desk, where he reported for duty on time with the regularity of ten thousand other employees of the New York Central Lines. On the door the words, "Chairman of the Board" were inscribed. Inside, "Ed," his secretary, re-



Chauncey M. Depew

were permitted to celebrate his hundredth anniversary in 1932. Keeping abreast of the times and keenly interested in current affairs, Chauncey Mitchell Depew, born in Peekskill, on the Hudson, where he unveiled his own statue, remained an outstanding grand old man of America to the end.

"It is seeing the humor of things that has made me live so long," said Chauncey Depew, stepping lively across the room. "In the ninety-third year of my life, I feel the same thrill and joy in living, and I am as young today, in point of view, as at twenty-nine. I am an optimist from an optical point of view, because I actually see, feel and anticipate the good things of life."

ceived, and Chauncey Depew welcomed with the grace of a world diplomat. Pulling out his handkerchief in stately manner, he continued:

"I can't see why all this fuss should be made just because I have a birthday. It's an old story with me. Imagine my surprise on my last birthday receiving a telegram from the President of the United States, and a little later in the day cablegrams from the King of England and President Millerand of France, and so on from all over the world," he continued smiling.

"Still making those speeches that radiate humor, good sense and real philosophy?" I ventured.

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Donn Byrne and His New Book

A tribute to the Irish author born in the United States and reared in the Emerald Isle, whose novels have won for him a large literary clientele

By JOSEPH DEVLIN

DONN BYRNE! Is there not a peculiar music in the very name, a harmony which appeals to the finer instincts and sensations of the soul? What's in a name?—asks the immortal bard who seems to have held the opinion that one name is as good as another, for he tells us that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Quite true, but nevertheless a name implies much, Shakespeare to the contrary. It can be appropriate or inappropriate. We can apply the name of *rose* to the fetid or stinking hellebore, for the plant bears flowers much resembling those of the rose, yet the euphonious name of *rose* seems wholly unfitting for such an evil-smelling weed. Though we may call a thistle a geranium, the splendid coloring and the pleasing scent are lacking, the prickles and tangs of the former repel, while the softness and blush of the latter attract, the dull green rampant leaves of the one can never rival the soft glowing petals of the other, downy as the texture of angels' wings.

Donn Byrne! That name, as representing the man who bears it, has a cadence peculiarly its own, a cadence that passes into a melody which evokes response in the breasts of tens of thousands the world over. There is a music in that name, the music of a man who sets the heart-strings in motion, who sweeps the chords of feeling, creating a harmony that delights, thrills, captivates, in short, that stirs the soul to the uttermost depths of its being.

Why is Byrne transcendent as a romantic writer, as a fictionist of mighty sweep and power? Not alone because of his fervid imagination, nor of the Celtic atmosphere he has breathed from childhood, an atmosphere saturated with story, legend and tradition, but also because he is a ripe scholar, a master of languages, which mastery enables him to bring to his aid the very best that has been produced in every age and in every land beneath the sun. Byrne is a scholar of the scholars, a man who has drunk deep draughts from the waters of knowledge, from the fountain springs from which learning floweth.

As a toddler Byrne was a child of the classics, the gods had chosen him for their own. His boyish fingers turned the serips of Egypt and Assyria, of Babylonia and Chaldea, of Greece and Rome; he reveled in the wisdom and philosophy of the early Masters, their burning thoughts seared into his brain and fired his intellect with a knowledge the brilliant flashes of which stream out from his work like meteors illuminating the midnight sky.

Byrne had the advantages of a wide education to supplement his great natural talents. Both combined to make him what he is today—a master writer in the realm of fiction, a novelist who stands high in many re-

spects among all other contemporary authors. It is his vast scholarship added to his command of style and ingenuity of plot that differentiates Byrne from most of our modern novelists whose works are but ephemeral, written for the day, in many cases, to meet the current demands of stern necessity. We have many—far too many—penny-aliners whose quills are driven by the gaunt fingers of the spectre of hunger. It cannot be



Donn Byrne

expected that these, or such as these, will produce literary masterpieces under the inimical circumstances which hedge them around on all sides. Most of them are handicapped by the lack of sound scholarship, but the writing bee keeps buzzing in their bonnets and so they persevere, essaying a profession which loudly calls for learning, whereas they could try their hands at something in which they would have a chance to succeed and thus benefit themselves and the world at the same time.

It is vain, idle, supererogatory for me, or anyone else, to carry coals to Newcastle. Donn Byrne is already recognized as a stylist of supreme eminence by those who ought to know. He combines the grace of Addison with the simplicity of Goldsmith and both with the beauty of Macaulay, into which is thrown in for emphasis the rugged grandeur of Carlyle. I may be pardoned for saying, that I have given much time and concentrated attention to a study of the English language, especially grammatical construction, and have pored over the works of the standard authors from Chaucer to the recognized classicists of the present day, so I am vain enough to think that I may speak with

some authority. Therefore, let me say that in my estimation, Donn Byrne is unique as a stylist; he is alone, in a class by himself. I term him a wonderful wizard of words, a marvelous magician of phrase and sentence, a climactic conjurer of rhetorical expression, a lightning prestidigitateur of the science of language, in many respects incomparable, unrivaled, supreme. He reigns as an imperial monarch in the kingdom of Romance over which he has cast a glamour that holds all enthralled in its enchantment.

Byrne writes masterfully because it is in him to do so and he knows how to do so. When a Praxiteles brings his chisel to bear upon a block of marble, we can confidently expect a beautiful figure will be the result; when a Donn Byrne dips his pen in ink and seizes the foolscap there can be no doubt a masterpiece of fictional literature will be produced.

Who is Donn Byrne? Whence did he spring? What kind of personality stands behind the writer? The name proclaims the nationality and the nationality, to a great extent, accounts for the man,—for his gifts, for his vivid imagination, for his characteristics of head and heart. Donn Byrne is an Irishman—Irish to the core, a Gael of the Gaels, a Celt of the Celts, with the proud red blood of kings and princes, warriors and chieftains, heroes and hidalgos, sages and scholars, poets and patriots coursing through his veins. He can trace his ancestry back to

“Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
When in Erin old there dwelt a race
Taller than Roman spears”—

to the days of the Firbolg (fer'bawlh'), those fierce, black-visaged Iberians who swept over the seas from Iberia (Spain) to the little Isle of Destiny, cradled in the waves of the Western Sea. That was long before the Tuatha De Danaan came forth as conquerors, to be conquered in turn by the Milesians. Members of the Byrne clan sought the land of Spain at a much later day, as did many of the other Irish chieftains, to learn the art of soldiery, in the hope of coming back to fight the Saxon taskmasters and drive them from the hills and glens of the Green Island. The O'Donnells, the MacMahons, the O'Neills, and many others, fared forth to return with tempered Toledo blades in their hands to do battle for their beloved Motherland, the greatest of all being the gallant, glorious “Owen Roe” (O'Neill), who came back for the purpose of threshing Cromwell out of Ireland, which he would have done had not Saxon treachery overcome him.

It is somewhat remarkable that Donn Byrne, intensely Irish as he is, was not born

in Ireland; he came into the world by the way of New York City, but he was taken by his mother to Ireland when a child, along with his little sister, subsequent to the death of his father, so it can be said he was brought up on the Ould Sod,

"in a dear little town in the old County Down,"

not far from the picturesque shores of Carlingford Lough. The locality reeks of memories of the past. Not far off is the town of Downpatrick, so called because it is believed that St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was buried there, also that the bones of St. Columbeille of Donegal, and of St. Bridget, the Mary of Erin, have a resting place, too, in that hallowed soil.

Byrne was sent to school in Dublin and afterwards attended Dublin University; he graduated B. A., but as far as I know, he did not bother to take the Master's degree (M. A.). He studied post-graduate courses at the Sorbonne, Paris, and at Bonn, Heidelberg and Berlin, therefore with truth it can be stated that the greatest halls of learning in Europe had a share in turning out the man, or rather, the scholar. But Byrne will acknowledge that he owes most to Ireland. Though poor, Ireland still maintains her proud prestige for learning, she is still the *Insula Doctorum*, the real University of the world, the Mother of Scholars who have borne her learning to the farthest parts of earth.

Byrne suckled a mystic lore from the paps of Ireland which his system assimilated well, —it went through every part of his being until he became saturated with it. As a boy his mentality was nurtured on ranns and rhymes, lilts and legends, tales and traditions of the misty past of Erin's glory, until he had the folk-lore of the country at his fingertips. 'Round the fireside of wintry nights, while the peat blazed merrily on the hearth, he was told of fays and fairies, lochries and leprechauns, ghosts and goblins, sprites and sprisauns, witches and warlocks, bogies and banshees, and many other creations begotten of the imagination of the most fanciful people on the face of the earth. Nightly he listened with tingling nerves for the hoof-beats of the phantom horse carrying the headless horseman to some lonely cabin over which hovered the black-winged Angel of Death. He knew all the green raths and olden forts on which the "wee folks" (fairies) sported in the moonlight nights. He attended wakes and weddings, patterns and christenings for miles around; at the wakes he heard the old women raise that mournful and most eerie of all dirges,—the Irish *caoine* (keen). The *caoine* is a wail for the departed one,—its dismal sounds once heard can never be forgotten, they chaunt through the chambers of memory while life lasts. I, myself, have often heard the wailing of the *caoine*; to me it sounded like the despairing cries of a lost soul turned from the gates of Paradise, or rather, as I imagined such cries, for I have never heard the crying of a lost soul, do not know if there were ever such. At the weddings and the merry-makings Byrne danced many a jig and reel and whirled his fair partner around to the piping of "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," "Johanvie I Hardly Knew You," and other old

Irish favorites. He became familiar with the superstitions, the idiosyncrasies and characteristics of the peasantry; he cried with them in their sorrows, he laughed with them in their joys.

In treating of an Irish subject Byrne brings the "Old Dart" before us so vividly that we imagine we see it and live through the scenes he depicts. In fancy's light we see the heathery hills and the shamrock valleys, the silvery lakes and the flashing rivers, the white-washed cottages and clustering villages, the fairy forts and the ancient Round Towers, the darkling donjons and crenellated castles with "their turrets old and gray,"—all pass before us as the shifting slides in a pleasing phantasmagoria; we feel the soft winds fanning our cheeks like the waft of seraphic wings, we hear their low murmuring sussurur in diminuendo sighing through the trees and bushes, while the sunlight is flooding the fields in a bath of golden glory and the lark is pouring his melody from an azure sky, accompanied by the whistle of the blackbird and the trill of the thrush, with the raucous voice of the cornerake and the treble of the quail breaking in on the harmony. Sometimes Byrne brings before us the Ireland of a long-vanished past, but whether it is the Ireland of kings and chieftains, or the Ireland of modern days with its factions and its fighting, it is always the Ireland of the Gael around which the heartstrings of its children are entwined as are the tendrils of the shamrock around its sainted soil.

He instills into Irish hearts a deeper love for Eire of the Sorrows, for Dark Rosaleen with the tears in her emerald eyes, still sitting and sighing by the waters of the Western Sea, like a widowed queen mourning for the glories that have gone. Yes!—Dark Rosaleen is still Rosaleen of the Sorrows for whom Byrne

"Would scale the blue air,
Would plough the high hills,
Would kneel all night in prayer
To heal her many ills."

In associating with Donn Byrne it often seemed to me that the very soul of Celtic Ireland, by some strange kind of metempsychosis, had entered his body and brain to animate his being with her own proud, unconquered and unconquerable spirit. Yes, at times he appeared to me as Ireland incarnated, a real personification of all that Ireland represents and all she means to the children of her loins. In his company I fancied myself back again on my native heath, with the soft air blowing, the shamrocks glistening at my feet, the valley bathed in sunlight, the larks singing in the azure dome, with the waters of Lough Neagh shimmering in the distance and in the far perspective the grim head of Slemish Mountain whereon St. Patrick herded sheep as a slave to Milcho, the chieftain of Dalriada.

Byrne and I were mutually attracted to each other, both being Ulstermen, from that part of Ireland which is frequently sneeringly referred to as the "Black North." When Byrne returned to America as a young man to seek his fortune, he looked me up, as the saying goes, for he had heard of me at home. One morning I was somewhat surprised on observing a tall lanky youth strut up to my desk in the editorial rooms of the Standard

Dictionary. I looked up—he looked down and abruptly exclaimed, "Ha! I have found you at last," and introduced himself as Donn Byrne. Thus I met the then bashful youth, for bashful he was, though he had addressed me so abruptly; thus did a friendship begin which grew stronger as time rolled on, for, as I have already stated, the attraction was mutual. At this time, Byrne appeared somewhat delicate; he was very slim and a trifle pale, but I soon found out he had thews of steel. He was one of the best amateur boxers in college circles in Dublin and certainly the boys of the cap and gown over there know how to handle their mitts. He has black hair, dark-brown eyes, clear-cut features, a Roman nose and high forehead denoting fine intellect. He reminded me forcibly of another gifted young Irishman, Arthur Sarsfield Ward, who writes mystic tales under the strange pseudonym of "Sax Rohmer."

Byrne joined the editorial staff of the Standard under our learned and genial editor in-chief, Dr. Frank Hozace Vizetelly, the world's most eminent lexicographer. In a short time he was the most popular of our members. His native wit stood him in good stead and he was always ready to give and take. He and I became regular pals, lunched together, came back in the evenings to Brooklyn together via the subway, where we had many ludicrous and ridiculous tussles with the "seat-hogs" during the rush hour. Byrne often compelled a "hog" to get up in favor of some weary woman returning from toil. We patronized lunch-rooms run under the auspices of various nationalities and Byrne seemed at home in all, for he is polyglottic, speaks almost all European tongues. Frequently we went to a German cafe on East 23rd Street where the dishes were typical of the Fatherland. There he would talk in German to the waiters and attendants, to the surprise of many, for no one possibly could have mistaken him for a Teuton or for other than what he is—a true son of the Gael. One day in a French restaurant I essayed to speak the language of the place, but as I have the Ulster "burr" very thick on my tongue, I am far from being naturally adapted to the speaking of the French language, though I can translate it freely enough and understand it when it is spoken. My attempt excited the risible faculty of Byrne and he actually burst forth in laughter. "What a strange metamorphosis!" he exclaimed, "an Irish Mick transforming himself into a French frog!"

Often Byrne and I sat on a bench in Madison Square Park during the noon hour and talked of many things,

"Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings,"

but most of all of Ireland, especially of Dublin and the gay life of the Irish capital. In speaking, Byrne often fell back on the Ulster vernacular, using the patois of the peasants, which would sound strange in American ears. Of course to a great extent it was the speech of his boyhood and he could not get away from it, could not cast it wholly aside as an old garment; it came forth most unexpectedly for the listener.

Byrne speaks the Irish language with the greatest ease, but his nasal intonation considerably mars the deep and sonorous euphony

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An Editorial Joe "Goes Down to Egypt"

"Centuries look down upon him" where the Dragoman look up for their Baksheesh—Exhilarating chats with real Soudan sheiks—"A hot time in the old town" of Khartoun on the Nile, skies were blue—but no one feeling that way

From Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book *"To Bagdad and Back"*

CALLING at Sheapards Hotel, the hostelry rendezvous where Americans flock during the height of the season in Cairo, I was disappointed to find that none of my countrymen were there at the time.

The street in front of the hotel was lined with drago-men who rushed forward to present their cards and explain their individual, joint, and several merits. The one I finally engaged was a picturesque youth dressed in a long dark, gold-embroidered brown robe, topped with the inevitable fez, without which the Egyptian seems to feel he is not entirely dressed. He announced

worse than a congestion of trucks. This freight train of the East, the camel, transports any thing that his driver can lash on his back. The camel, unlike the horse, is not always likely to stand hitched. It requires experience to handle these animals. By the way, it is a dromedary and not a real two-humped camel which embellishes a certain well-known brand of cigarettes. Walk a mile for a Camel—it's almost a man's job to make a camel walk a mile for you. Drivers spend so much of their lives with their camels that they feel it incumbent upon them to adorn their foreheads with pieces of blue jade to ward off the effects of

just beginning to show itself above the water after the freshets. This island, Abdul-Hamid told me, is submerged much of the year, but between the floods yields an enormous crop. From this valley of alluvial soil we rode up on to the boundary of the desert and the village of Mena.

From the balcony of the hotel, with a motion picture director making a picture to be called "The Shadow of Egypt," I surveyed a scene such as one sees in the movie travel pictures. I was his "shadow" for a time.

Like giant sentinels guarding the endlessly stretching sea of sand, the two great



himself modestly as "the best dressed dragoman in Egypt." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles Schwab, and J. P. Morgan, he claimed, were some of his "deestinguished customaires." For reference he very solemnly handed me a letter presented him by one of his former employers. Imagine my amusement when I opened one recommendation some American had written and read:

"This will serve to introduce to those who may, or may not be interested, His Dragomantic Highness, Egypt's premier guide and bakesheesh hunter. He is an astute scholar, genial companion, and a lingering linguist who speaks seven languages badly."

"Why do you use this particular letter?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled.

"It makes Americans always laugh and gives me the assignment," he replied.

The frankness and dignity with which the dragoman displayed the letter landed my contract.

In a motor car we dashed out to see one of the most impressive works of man—the great pyramids—the tombs of the Pharaohs of Egypt. Humming over the streets of Cairo on balloon tires, we overtook the tram cars, which are very generally patronized in the oriental metropolis. The road to the desert, overhung with palm trees, was lined with endless processions of camels laden with lumber, hay and grain—one even carried a broken-down Ford. The jam caused by a camel caravan is far

the Evil Eye. The camel boys are very superstitious and always carry some sort of a talisman about them.

Donkeys of all sizes are also used on these sightseeing caravans. Imagine the sylph-like figure and phantom-like form of a man weighing two hundred pounds and over riding astride a tiny donkey which a native boy keeps going at a disagreeable speed, and you have a perfect figure of one scene from the desert in 1924.

Crossing a long bridge we had our first real glimpse of the winding Nile. They do not call it a river in Egypt, but refer to it as the "Sea." In the spring, when the river overflows its banks and spreads out over the surrounding fields, it becomes a veritable ocean. Now, the muddy water was lying in one long, winding, serpentine streak of green. The sun, shining down upon it in all its garish glory, touched it up and gave it the brilliant glint of gold.

Boats under twin sail, of picturesque and quaint design, were lazily creeping up and down the river. On either side of the embankment roadway the natives were at work in groups, plowing with their bullocks, or water oxen, the only animals that can be used to cultivate these fields with their muddy bottoms which are often completely beneath the surface of the water.

Seemingly it was "moving day" in Egypt. Everybody appeared to be traveling somewhere. Passing cotton fields and growing maize, we came upon an island that was

pyramids appeared below us in the foreground of the picture. To the right, far in the distance, silhouetted against the blue of the sky, were a group of other pyramids.

Under the few trees surrounding the hotel, which was then closed, snuggling in the border oasis, a meal was served. The food we ate in this leafy arbor consisted of new peas and onions fresh from the soil of the Nile, served with some strange sort of meat. Onions are one of the original vegetables of Egypt and are supposed to have an odor eternal. The vegetables had a strong flavor of Egyptian goat butter. The tomatoes were small and the lettuce lacked the crispness of our "iceberg" variety. The potatoes were yellow and tasteless. We dined in the center of a buzzing barrage of flies that seemed to have collected from all parts of the desert, and were surrounded, too, by a group of half-starved but sociable dogs.

Soon the dragoman gave the command for the beginning of the first lap of a real camel tour, and in a moment we were off. We changed our mounts for this trip. Most of the party were given riding camels which, like Arabian thoroughbreds, are said to make better speed than the average horse. They insisted on assigning "Methusala" to me and he was a sight to gaze upon! His head and neck stuck out and swung from side to side like an elephant's trunk. His protruding teeth were yellow with age and he chewed his cud like a wise

old Yankee concluding a bargain. When the native boys tapped his knees with their sticks in order to make him kneel so that I could mount, he turned his head and gave me an appealing look, grunting and squealing in a very ungenerous way while at his devotions. He didn't seem the least bit attached to his rider. Finally I managed to scramble atop, but here, perched aloft on his mountainous back, I had difficulty in getting my kewpie-like legs astride the broad plateau upon which I sat in this imposing and notable procession among the pyramids.

Riding on an undersized burro, the dragoman led the march like a Grand Duke. Up hill, down dale we went, sometimes trotting, sometimes at a gallop, sometimes at a swift walk. From the top of my camel charger

but the slabs had been removed to build the mosques in Cairo.

From a distance the walls of the pyramids look smooth and unscratched, but "nearer viewed," the truth contained in the poem, "Saint Augustine" becomes evident, for they are, in reality, but "gigantic flights of steps." How these enormous stones were ever placed in their present position after being transported long distances without modern hoisting equipment and derricks remains a mystery even to modern engineers.

Inside the pyramids there is a great, cave-like mausoleum infested with bats—a lonely, gruesome spot. Standing within the darkness of this ghastly retreat, the winged mice whizzing past my ears and now and again beating against my body

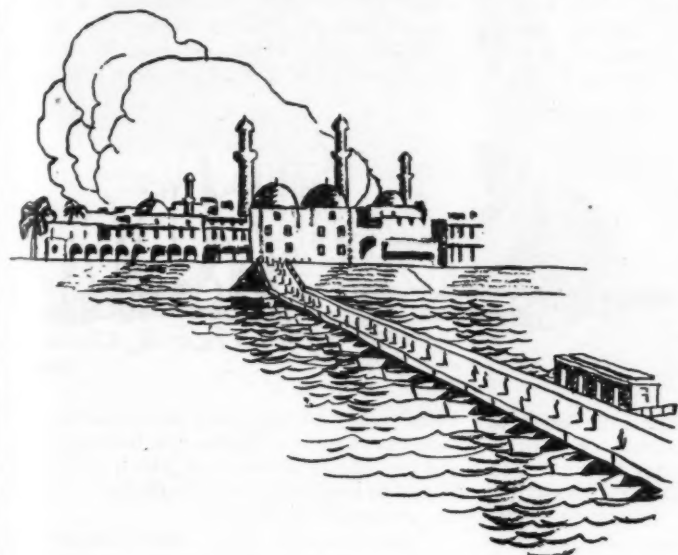
gazing happily at the stakes which the Englishman was counting into his hand.

"That's jolly good sport," the Britisher commented, and added, "but don't forget the Union Jack next time."

From the heights of these very pyramids Napoleon delivered a classic utterance that inspired the French forces before the famous Battle of the Nile. "Comrades," he declaimed, "forty centuries are looking down on you today."

* * *

Khartoum is a name that fixes itself in the mind, no matter how little you may know about the geography of the surrounding country. It is the magic "K," a picture and distinctive letter in the Arabic alphabet, and is utilized in America



I gazed down upon the flanks of the camel in front of me, meanwhile trying to maintain the dignity of a sheik. To watch the movement of the rear legs of a camel or dromedary is a valuable study in lost motion. The manner in which he throws one leg in front of the other with an X-like motion is a sight to behold. Drivers arrayed in garments of various hues, one containing seven different colors reminded me of the story of Joseph's coat mentioned in Holy Writ.

Everywhere along the route the caravan was accosted by the natural born and much professionalized native beggars of all ages, who whinnyingly beseeched "baksheesh." One of my companions shouted back to me: "Everyone in Egypt seems to have the 'gim-mes.'"

Emaciated, long-bearded vendors of old coins, souvenirs and scarabs clung to the sides of the camels. They do not seem to understand the word "no," and trot along beside the caravans of tourists until forcibly driven off.

Before reaching the two great pyramids we stopped a moment and from a short distance gazed enraptured at the towering triangles of masonry. In the tombs beneath were buried the remains of kings who, during life had had sublime faith in the immortality of the soul. One of the pyramids was once covered with marble,

with their leathery wings in their blind flight, a feeling of awe, and—I must admit of fear—overcame me. Hastily I made my way out into the open. Others in the party evidently shared my feelings, for I found them already shivering in the hot sun after their exit.

One of the dragomen of our party had true American sporting blood in him. Looking up at the towering apex of the pyramids, he bantered, "I could go up there and return in eight and a half minutes." He was willing to bet a dollar that he could do it.

* * *

A young Englishman was the real sport of the party. "I'll take that wager," he piped up, confident of winning. The feat seemed impossible. The dark-skinned Nubian began his race up the pyramid, which seemed to have been built especially for his ascension. The long steps served him admirably and seemed to fit his long legs to perfection. When he reached the pinnacle he stopped, waved the American flag I had given him, much to the disgust of the Englishman, and descended almost at a canter. We held our breaths in fear that the pyramid pacer would miss his footing on one of the gigantic ledges and go tumbling down to a fearful death. In eight minutes and twenty seconds he had returned safely to his starting point and was

in the cognomen of Kalamazoo, Kankakee, Oshkosh, Kokomo, Kankagon and Ku Klux.

Arriving at Khartoum, the tourist is not impressed with the sights. The dominating impression is just atmosphere. You hear the summer day refrain of New York that the thermometer reads one hundred in the shade. "It is hot!" You never feel it is necessary to use the superlative to express the degree of feeling in Khartoum. You know why palm leaf fans are used in the palm country, and far-away memories of Palm Beach and Florida with stretches of sand come to mind.

We visualize places through people. My first thought in Khartoum was of Kitchener. There is magic in the alliteration "Kitchener of Khartoum." I saw again that tall form with grim face and drooping mustache that I had seen riding a small horse, with feet almost touching the ground, in the coronation pageant at London, while little "Bobs," the late Lord Roberts, the prophet of the World War, was mounted at his side on a big brewery horse. Curiously when you arrive at far-away lands you compare the scenes with those in other lands. I thought of the flat-top roofs of the new Spanish architecture that is springing up in Miami and again Kitchener in his fathomless tomb in the icy seas off Scapa Flow, instead of the sands of Sudan, which he held for the British Empire.

In the torrid zone of that vast region of which the White and Blue Niles are the symbols of life, I felt that I knew the colored race better than ever before. Not so many years ago, Sudan was the center of the slave traffic of the world. From an airplane skirting the Nubian Desert and sweeping over parts of the extensive region of the Sudan, the tourist gains a new appreciation of the progress which has been made by the colored people in the United States. As a race, the negroes in America have advanced at an astonishing pace when one compares the wretched conditions a century or so past under which their forefathers lived in the Sudan.

Mention Sudan in the U. S. A. and the average individual blinks. A blank expression is usually the answer to any question



concerning the region. Few Americans know its approximate geographical location, its history, its topography. The school boy fresh from his lessons may be able to tell you that the vast country which has in recent years been a bone of contention between two great nations is located "somewhere in Africa." The present generation in America may have almost forgotten the heroic story of the ill-fated "Chinese" Gordon and of Kitchener of Khartoum.

After a journey of a thousand miles from Cairo, Egypt—about the distance from New York to Chicago—traveling almost directly southward up the Nile, the traveler finds himself within the borders of the historic city of Khartoum. Here, surrounded by colored people, whose ancestors could they but speak would tell of the glorious days of ancient Ethiopia and of King Solomon's mines, the American somehow feels much closer to the Sudanese than to other Oriental races.

Strolling on the encampment above the river, I caught the first hot blasts of the famous city where Gordon met his death. The blue Nile was a most welcome sight after the stifling railroad trip. Across the way, amidst a veritable forest of billowing trees,

rose the bleak roofs of the city, while to the right, on the banks of the White Nile, was the shadowy outline of the Arab City of Omdurman. Beyond, like a brilliantly-painted theatrical "drop," was the desert, crimson with its reflection of the rising sun. ing sun.

Taking the ferry to the hotel, we passed the city for a quarter of a mile on our way. To the left, on the Blue Nile, rises the tower of Gordon Memorial College. Not far away is the palace in which General Gordon met the oncoming horde and where he suffered the fatal spear thrust of the natives. Back of all this lies the native town with the towering spire of the great mosque built afterward by the English.

On first sight the tourist is not much impressed with Khartoum, shaped like an "elephant's trunk," and situated where the White and Blue Niles meet. The former flows on the Sudan side and the latter, rushing toward Uganda, veering off toward Abyssinia. "Atmosphere there is in abun-



dance and hot stuff," remarked Smith of Syracuse, a stray lone tourist. Except in the early morning, just after the sun rises, and in the late evening following its setting, the heat is terrific. It is always cooler along the banks of the river, but the warnings of the treacherous sunstroke come thick and fast.

Again embarking upon our sluggish ships of the desert, we headed once more across the sands. After an hour astride the back of one of these rolling animals, I felt spry enough to bite Methusala on the neck, but he was happily unaware of my rapacious but well-suppressed intent. We changed our course. There was much to see without penetrating further into the luring sea of sands. The citadels across the river, nestling behind a bank of green, looked more enticing.

As we drew near to the Sphinx, one of the party declared, "What a fitting reminder of President Coolidge." The great head, with weather-beaten and chopped features, loomed up out of the sand. As we approached closer it grew larger, until soon we were actually under the shadow of this ancient bit of sculpture which has stood

over ruined temples and mystified tourists for centuries past.

Naturally I was disappointed, expecting to see something grand and lofty—something like the pyramids, but the Sphinx, the eternal riddle, is neither as towering nor as impressive as the great tombs. To me it was just the Sphinx—a large stone statue of a lion, with the face and bosom of a woman. The chipped nose attracted the attention of a beauty doctor in the group. The Sphinx makes a wonderful background and inspires new ideas for the pictures which tourists always take here in order to have something definite as a reminder of their travels.

The directing genius of the Cyclops Pictures Company, wearing a fierce black mustache, grouped the party for a real "desert act." Then he snapped us in another picture scene representing a camp on the Sahara. Small boys with water bottles on their heads, old men, in fact all the "extras" for the scene, were on "loca-

tion," ready to play their parts in the picture that was to enlighten the folks at home via the family album, and which would indicate to posterity that "Uncle Joe" visited the pyramids A. D. 1924.

There are still more ruined temples to view in great pools of sand, uncovering stirring historical records. We came upon the area where the Harvard Expedition had been carrying on its excavations. A large sign here informs the world to "Keep off the sand," and is the only thing of its kind I observed in my parade among the pyramids. And yet they say that Harvard doesn't believe advertising for professional purposes is ethical! The motor cars that here waited us were a welcome sight and seemed to me, after my weary ride across the sands, like chariots of Paradise.

"Methusala" knelt all too precipitously when it came time to dismount and I turned a somersault and landed in the sand in the final scene of our dramatic day at the pyramids. It was a great relief to me when I was finally bundled into a motor car and found myself rushing along the banks of the Nile which shone before us in all the approaching glory of the Egyptian sunset, with its witching reflection of gold.



The Story of Two Dogs

A graphic and gripping story of the redeeming power and love of animals for and upon human beings that will appeal to everyone who has felt the heart impulse in love for animals suggesting the real key of life



By

ARTHUR EDWARD STILWELL

CHAPTER XIII

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

THE mind behind the pallid face of John Hadley was working in strange fashion whilst the fight went on. It seemed to have disassociated itself from his physical being. No longer was it capable of driving the mechanism of this huge frame. It soared into queer places and fashioned scenes and panoramas wherein moved fantastic things. Hadley was left alone with the fertile functioning mind of his. Through the days that followed it was his constant companion leading him through strange paths into places whose counterpart he had seen in that other life, from which he was suddenly expelled.

Little incidents, long forgotten, were re-enacted. He found himself reviewing them in the light of experience. They came up like miniatures from a dead black background to shine out for one brief moment and die away. Millions of them there must have been, all crowded into a comparatively short space of time. He commenced the awful task of sorting these into correct sequence. No longer were they transitory. By some queer means they had materialized into concrete form and he was building them into one huge pinnacle.

He perspired and cried aloud throughout this stupendous task, but he never knew it.

Only Hamminger and Woodrow witnessed the external manifestations. They caught the sound of names and places and heard the utterly unintelligible jumble of words and the low moan of pain as he subconsciously was brought to feel it.

Those were hours of agony for Hadley, no less than for the skilful Hamminger and the alert Woodrow. Hamminger absorbed in this task of dragging back by inches a man from the grave, sent a message to Three Rivers begging a professional friend to act as *locum tenens*. He meant to stay until the crisis was past.

Woodrow, in constant attendance, was afforded an insight to the inner life of Hadley. Though he tried to forget the disconnected ravings of the sick man in his delirium, he found some of them constantly recurring in his mind.

He wondered who was Maurice and Evelyn and a thing called Nero whom the stricken man feared and detested. What lay behind the frenzied utterances?

"She's my mother and you've killed her . . . I hate you—I wish I could kill you.

Half my money is to go to fight this damned anti-vivisectionist crusade. You heard what I said . . . ? Maurice—you profligate, you . . ."

Woodrow watched those trembling lips speaking from a deathly white face. At times he wanted to stop his ears. At the

end of the fourth day Hamminger confided good news.

"He's coming round. He'll live through this—he has a tremendous vitality. Well, he deserves to, for any normal being would have been under the ground by this time."

The mind of Hadley began to work more coherently. He was laboring towards consciousness and with the slowly-clearing brain came the remembrance of *himself*. He remembered he was John Hadley who had been chased by a lumbering bear on his own estate. The whole thing was re-enacted. He found himself falling, falling over the precipice with the bear on top of him and the bright hole above him getting smaller. But after that what happened?

The thoughts came quicker still. He was on Wall Street reading Stock quotations on the tape. All kinds of quotations came on miles and miles of narrow paper which gradually curled round him, growing into a white mountain until it filled the big room. Then it suddenly began moving—weaving itself into one huge flat sheet, that covered the whole floor. Men began to walk over it and the sight aroused his indignation. . . . He was running round the narrow margins, begging, threatening these vandals. How dare they walk on his carpet!

"S-sh—he's coming round," whispered Hamminger.

But John Hamminger was far away in the meshes of a wonderful dream. It was as if he was reading a book, whose every word leaped up in letters of dazzling light. Behind all these blazing words were the scenes they depicted with the drama moving across them. The extraordinary vividness of it held him spellbound.

He was the most skilful weaver that had ever lived, and none equal to him has ever since walked the earth. He was not only a weaver of note, but he was worldly-wise also, and it was said that no one since Solomon's time had ever been as wise. The products of his looms brought the highest prices in the markets of the world, and his gold had multiplied until fifty camels could not carry it.

His name was one of power, and people not only admired his skill, but they feared him also; to displease him or thwart his desire or purpose was to court death or disaster, as he hunted down all who opposed him, and sooner or later brought them to death or ruin.

The Courts of Cashmere and the surrounding land came so completely under his power that the judges and tribunals returned only such verdicts as he demanded. The money lenders called in any loan he requested and unless with his consent, it was useless to attempt business that needed capital, as this latter could not be secured.

He was no king, held no office, yet he ruled the marts of the known world of trade and commerce with a heavier hand than did even kings themselves.

He loved power and it was accorded to him through fear and respect. Yet he realized that the time would come when he must bow before the decree of Death. And he conceived the idea that he would leave behind him a masterpiece that would forever carry his name down to the furthestmost day of time. And while he should no longer be here, his name would yet forever live as that of the greatest weaver that ever walked this earth.

The whole world would be searched for all needed material for this masterpiece of his mind and loom.

He erected a great palace for his new loom, of white marble with crystal and gold domes. This was in a wonderful park of flower-gardens and fountains, and at a distance from the hills it looked like a great jewel in a cloth of green. In this place was built the wonderful loom of scented woods. And in the room at all times was burnt incense, the aroma of which was like that from flowers.

All day and often far into the night he worked on the design, and armed men guarded the chest it was in. He forced his slaves to the earth's remotest parts for the needed dyes and material, and often these were secured at great loss of life, as the paths they must follow lay through dangerous countries where enemies lurked and the disease-breeding swamps and deep rivers exacted great toll in human life.

But to the Weaver, human life was nothing—misery and suffering did not count; they were mere incidents in the fulfillment of his plans. And from those that did survive and come back unsuccessful, he removed their eyes or cut off their hands and

limbs, so that they might be an example for those he sent again not to fail in carrying out his wishes. Thousands died in the mines in search of the metals needed for the threads of this great masterpiece. It was nothing to the Weaver that each line of the pattern cost a human life; all that filled his mind was that he would be famous through all time. What was human life compared with the masterpiece of the greatest weaver of the earth from the greatest loom of the world? Homes were empty, lonely graves dotted the hillside and plains; men lived maimed lives and with loathsome diseases contracted in the work; but what of that? The cloth did not show it!

The Weaver had thus worked in secret for ten years, and the masterpiece was nearly finished; in one month more it would startle the world; men would journey months to see it. The Weaver rejoiced that his task was so nearly completed; it was as beautiful as a dream as it shone in the sunlight; it made one think of the song of birds; yet with all its beauty there was a grandeur that filled one with awe, and the spectator imagined that he heard the murmur of brooks and waterfalls. The workers were so filled with rapture over the results of their work that they fell down and worshipped it night and morning, as they came and returned from work.

The fame of the great work spread from sea to sea; rich men of all lands came and camped near the Weaver's temple that they might tell their children and their children's children that they had been among the first to see it.

It was the first day of the second month; in six days the great hall would be open to the public to view the Weaver's work—this "Largo" of weaving. In the afternoon, following a day of great heat, storm clouds were seen to form on the mountains and hills, and a wonderful red tinted them as they whirled and twisted in the upper air. Near the earth absolute stillness prevailed; not a leaf stirred; the cattle were restless and moaned as if filled with the forebodings of some titanic struggle of Nature.

There was a slight tremor of the earth that shook the trees and the towers of the Weaver's temple, followed by whirlwinds of dust that caused the trees to sway until the tops of some seemed almost to touch the ground. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder rolled and crashed among the hills; vivid forked lightning flashed across the inky sky. The artillery of heaven sent out peal after peal that vibrated and revibrated from hill to hill like the screeching of demons. All people were filled with fear; never had such a storm been seen; the moaning of the trees, the bellowing of cattle as they ran panic-stricken hither and thither made a veritable pandemonium on earth.

The Weaver, with blanched face, was on hand to guard his treasure, and trying to control his terror-stricken helpers. Then there was a tremendous blast, as though a thousand devils had been let loose from the depths of hell; the onlookers saw mighty sheets of lightning wrapped around the temple the loom was in. The earth rocked, flames rushed from the building as the

towers fell, and in one short hour all was in ruins; the fire had burnt itself out and the storm had passed. Then the sun set like a ball of flame in the western sky. And as it kissed the earth it shone on a mass of ruins, as the temple, the loom and Weaver vanished into dark spaces.

Then out of the blackness came a tormented face—that of the Weaver. It shone blood-red, illuminated by some hidden light. Hadley saw it in full detail for the first time. *It was his own face!*

He found himself staring at a piece of ivy which was flapping against the window. Something had happened to him—What? He raised one hand very slowly and touched a bandage on his head. The movement caused him intense pain.

Then he found himself staring into the face of a stranger.

"Ha! We've pulled you through," said Hamminger.

"Who—who are you?"

"A doctor."

Woodrow came forward.

"It was touch and go," he said.

Hadley shook his head in a puzzled way, striving to understand.

"You remember the bear?" asked Woodrow.

"The bear? Why, yes, there was a bear over the mountain. Did it get me?"

"You fell over the edge of the ravine."

He remembered it now—the horrible sensation of falling, and the crash that followed.

"I suppose it knocked me out?"

"It did. It'll take months of nursing to get you on your legs again. Don't move—it'll hurt you."

He lay for a few seconds in silence.

"You've been here since—since it happened, Woodrow?"

"Yes."

He looked at Woodrow with eyes that were still keen.

"I shall remember that."

"There's no need," said Woodrow. "It isn't the custom of humanity to let people die without an effort."

Hadley pursed his lips. On that point he begged to differ, but he didn't feel like arguing just then.

"How did you find me?" he asked.

"It was the dog," said Woodrow. "But for him you might have been there now, rotting. . . . He fetched Zoom and led him to the place. Zoom went down the hole and fetched you up."

Hadley seemed to be under the stress of considerable emotion. A whine came from outside.

"He's there," said Hamminger. "We turned him out when we started to tinker with you. But he has never left the door. You've got a magnificent friend in that dog—he loves you."

"Me!" gasped Hadley. "I—where is he? Let him in."

Woodrow opened the door, and Victor came in. He stood by the side of the bed looking up, with unmistakable pleasure in his eyes. Hadley's hand moved spasmodically on the bed. He wanted to touch the dog, but the splints prevented him. Something else prevented him too—a remnant of his old stubborn pride.

Timidly the dog raised himself on his forepaws and, looking at Hadley wistfully, licked the bandaged hands.

"Good old boy," murmured Hadley. "So you did that for me—for me! I—take him away now Woodrow—I can't stand it!"

Woodrow nodded and a queer smile came over his face. Victor halted at the door, looked around, and crept out.

"You'll do now," said Hamminger. "I'm wanted at Three Rivers. Woodrow understands the case perfectly, but if you want me they've a telephone in Charlesville."

"Thanks," said Hadley. "I'm very grateful, doctor—good journey."

He lay by himself looking at the pale sunlight. The dream came back to him charged with awful significance. Was it the workings of a tortured mind—or something else? He tried to persuade himself that such nightmarish visions were stupid things—but the warning was not lost. Was not the same thing happening to him that had happened to the weaver? Childless, unloved and alone, he was watching his castle tottering to the ruin.

He remembered Victor and Zoom and the unselfish devotion of Woodrow. It brought him face to face with certain facts that had hitherto been completely obscured.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BARRIER

IT was midwinter in Stickine and as cold a winter as had been experienced for many a year. Through the miserable ill-heated houses the bitter north wind drove as though door and windows were non-existent. Maurice in his bedroom at Sullivan's hotel had found the drinking water frozen solid in the morning, and Abe, despite his ample covering of flesh, even confessed to feeling "chilly."

Gigantic snow-drifts made the valleys impossible, and the strangely mixed company of the town were isolated there whether they liked it or not.

Since the affray with Corri, Eloise had been sad at heart. The death of the old man had affected her very deeply, and her rapidly vanishing finances gave her cause for considerable anxiety.

Maurice and Abe were not ignorant of this latter trouble but in the circumstances it was difficult to do anything but wait for the break of the weather.

"But why should we wait?" argued Maurice.

"Can't go mushing through a mile of snow," retorted Abe. "Lookie, what's the hurry?"

"Eloise. She's down to her last few dollars and there's three months to go before the spring."

"Wal?"

"Well, if we could get to the mine we might be able to get enough gold dust to tide her over."

Abe snorted.

"Get gold-dust in the winter?"

"Why not? I've heard of men who have done it."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Wal, I have—that's all. Lookie, if the gal is hard up lend her some dough."

Maurice made a gesture of impatience.

"You can't do that sort of thing with Eloise. You don't understand Eastern girls."

"I don't understand any of the breed. First they wants a thing, then they don't—Come and have a few dollars on the merry-go-round."

Despite Abe's cantankerous attitude, Maurice knew he was thinking the matter over. It was over two hundred miles to the location of the mine, and over the frozen earth was three feet of snow. But dogs could be hired and human energy could surmount the other difficulty. He thought of a way to coerce Abe into a rapid decision.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll go on my own. I daresay Sullivan will lend me the dogs. Keep an eye on Eloise while I'm away, won't you?"

Abe guffawed.

"Why, you'd sure fall down a rabbit hole. That ain't no trip for a chicken like you."

"We shall see."

He turned to walk away but Abe caught him by the arm.

"Gosh—you ain't serious?"

"I am."

"Wal, if that don't beat the band. 'Spose I shall have to come to look after you. But we ain't staying there long."

"No longer than it takes to thaw out 20 ounces of gold."

"If it's there."

"Of course it's there."

"All right. I'm in this. Twenty ounces and then we'll hike back and wait for old King Sol to melt the dirt."

They agreed on that. Abe negotiated the business of the dog team with Sullivan, while Maurice found Eloise to inform her of their intentions. Fortunately it was early in the day and the big saloon was comparatively empty. They could talk without the annoyance of the ear-splitting din that made the night hideous.

She came to Maurice with a smile on her face, but apprehension at her heart, knowing intuitively that he had a scheme to propose.

"Abe and I have been talking. We're a little tired of the town, and want to get away for a bit."

She looked at him, trying to discover what was at the back of his mind.

"We thought we might look over that claim of yours and report on it."

"But it's miles down country—you can't go until the winter breaks."

"Yes, we can. We're used to it."

"And yet this is your first winter North."

He stammered as he realized his blunder.

"I was speaking of Abe—he's Alaskan born, and it's easy going when Abe is leading."

She shook her head.

"I know what it's like out there in the mountains in this weather—and there's two hundred miles of it. . . . I know why you want to do this. Don't think that I am not grateful, but I oughtn't to let you go. If anything happens to you . . ."

"What can happen to me? Eloise—" It was the first time he had used her Christian name, and it brought a blush to her cheek. "It's your money lying down there, and you'll want it soon—won't you?"

She bit her lip and her eyes grew moist.

"Can't it wait until the Spring?"

"No—unless . . ."

"Unless . . .?"

"Unless you'll accept a loan from me and Abe. It's that or the mine, Eloise. I don't want to press the loan, because I feel there is a fortune down there, and I want to know that the future is safe, for you."

She pushed back a rebellious curl from her ear.

"Don't you ever think of yourself and your—future?" she asked.

The expression that chased across his face astonished her.

"I have no future."

"Only a past?"

"Yes—only that."

"But isn't the future in our own hands?"

"No. Would to God it were. I wish my life could have started on the day when I . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"When I—met you."

He blurted it out, and was then sorry for it. Somehow it seemed an insult even to couple his existence with her's. If she knew there was blood on his hands, would she stand there and survey him with eyes that were soft and sympathetic?

"Let it start from there—if you wish it. . . . You carry your secret badly. I knew there was something tormenting you the first time I saw you. One's secrets are one's own, but sometimes there is alleviation in sharing. If ever you feel like sharing that with an other . . ."

They were getting far away from the point at issue, drifting into channels that were pleasanter, yet painful withal.

"I dare not. If it were less horrible I might, but I dare not risk losing your friendship," he said.

"You can never lose that, if it be worth anything to you."

"Worth anything . . .?"

He caught her hand and held it. She made no attempt to withdraw it but looked at him in a way that raised wild hopes, hopes that a second's reflection shattered.

"It's because it means so much that I'm afraid to tell you the truth about myself—exactly what I am."

"Aren't you forming rather a low estimate of me? Whatever your past contains it matters little to me. I don't ask you to tell me if you think you would be happier with it locked within you. You have done so much for me. Don't bring yourself to believe that my regard for you is such as can be dissipated by anything that may have happened long ago and far away."

"It wasn't long ago, Eloise. It is so recent that it seems like yesterday."

"Try to forget it."

"I wish I could."

He sat for a moment in silence. Abe, who was wondering what on earth Maurice was talking about tried to catch his eye, and at last succeeded. It reminded him of the real object in view.

"We have decided to leave tomorrow, if you will let me have the papers showing the location of the mine. I will bring you a report—and maybe some specimens of the lode."

"You really want to go?"

He nodded.

"Not on my account?"

"I want to go for the pleasure I shall get out of it."

The evasive answer settled any doubts in her mind. There was little object to be gained in refusing to let him survey the claim, and the question of money was causing her anxious moments.

"How long shall you be away?"

"Not more than a month."

"Very well."

She fetched the papers from her room and handed them to him.

"Shall I ever be able to repay you—I wonder?"

He saw Abe looking fiercely, but for the past few minutes a resolution had been forming in his mind. He commenced to speak, halted, and then threw reserve to the winds.

"Eloise, perhaps it's best you should know who I am and what I am. I warn you it's not a pleasant story. Eight months ago I killed a man in New York."

He saw her face blanch, but she made no sign of abhorrence.

"Go on," she said, huskily.

"Since then I've been hiding up here. Abe and I spent all the summer in the Arctic, that's probably why the police haven't got me. But it can't go on forever. They're bound to find me sooner or later. You asked me to forget it—but can one forget that the arm of the law is reaching out for him?"

"Why did you kill him?" she asked.

"He was the most utter scoundrel . . . I didn't mean to kill him. . . . It was when I saw him in her room and realized the relationship . . ."

For the first time she trembled.

Her room—

He sank his head.

"She was an actress—Celeste Descamps—you've heard of her?"

She nodded, and he thought he saw a look of pain in her eyes.

"I—"

"You loved her?"

"No—no. I thought I did. My father had heaps of money and I spent a lot of it in silly presents. I was a blind, infatuated idiot or I might have guessed about that other man, but I didn't. I went on believing she was everything that was good until—until I learned different. . . ."

He went into the details, telling her of the trouble with his father and the scene in Celeste's dressing room, ending with the flight from justice and his meeting with Abe.

"I—I thought I loved her, but it all went in that stuffy little room when I saw exactly how I had been fleeced by the pair of them. I hit him as hard as I knew how, but it oughtn't to have killed him. . . . And now . . . Oh, it's all a horrid nightmare that seems to go on forever . . ."

"Poor Maurice!"

He looked at her in amazement, and saw she was actually smiling. It bewildered him.

"I thought it was something worse than that."

"Worse—what could be worse?"

"Many things can be worse than killing—particularly a man like that. The worst murders are not those that are the result of blows, but those which break innocent hearts callously and deliberately."

"But it doesn't alter facts," he said. "I am a hunted man."

A tense look came into her face.

"Yes—that's true. But they mustn't get you. You are justified in evading them. He wasn't fit to live. I am glad you told me this. Somehow I feel it will all come right. You won't worry—promise me you won't worry."

He carried her hand to his lips, feeling an immense weight lifted from him in sharing the secret with such as she.

"Eloise, you're wonderful! I thought you would be horrified beyond expression . . ."

"Maurice," she said, softly. "You are sure you don't love her—still?"

He laughed lightly.

"On a night, here in Stickine, a few weeks back I knew I had never loved her at all—that one only loves once, and then forever."

Abe took the bull by the horns, and interrupted.

"What about getting that gear, kid?"

Maurice sighed, gave Eloise a lingering glance, and joined Abe. His sudden gaiety astonished Abe. He eyed Maurice with grave doubts in his mind.

"Say, kid, keep off that whiskey—it's sure getting you oiled up."

On the following morning they set out for the "wild," Eloise accompanying them for a mile or two, when the route got so bad she refrained from going any further.

"Good-bye!" she called. "A month and I'll expect you back. Take care of each other."

"Some gal, that," said Abe, winking one eye. "Gosh, I wish I wasn't so darned fat—I'd—"

Maurice laughed heartily. The sled bumped over the bad ground and whirled away, Eastward. Far behind them Maurice saw the figure of Eloise disappearing over a hill.

CHAPTER XV

RED GOLD

IT was on the following day that Eloise faced the music in the form of Sullivan. Maurice had known her finances were low, but he did not know how low.

Sullivan presented his bill each week, and expected payment "on the nail." Eloise had been worrying for the past few days over this weekly settlement. The few dollars she possessed would never meet the rather inflated total of Sullivan's bill.

He gave it to her himself, waiting ostentatiously for the money. She looked into her purse, and then shook her head.

"I shall have to ask you to let it stand over, Mr. Sullivan."

Sullivan pursed his lips.

"Wal, I guess I can wait a bit. But if you're stone broke, where are you going to get any more?"

"I shall have some money in a week or two. I'll pay you then."

Sullivan frowned. In his queer, rough way, he respected the girl, but business was

not good, and an idea formed in his brain. "See here, Miss Gregory—this ain't the place it used to be. I guess it's a little more sober-like."

"It's better than when I first came here."

"Sure, Joe, and that rough outfit have gone up the street since Sal left."

"Sal?"

"Young woman who used to attract them some—Gee—I'd like to get to the bottom of that thing. She hiked off the morning after you came with enough dollars to buy a ticket back home—and lump over. Wal, she's gone, and I won't say I'm sorry as far as she's concerned. But the place wants brightening up—and that's where I reckon you could do something."

Eloise looked at him in astonishment.

"You're stone broke—you said so. There's worse ways of making a living than by singing."

"But here?"

The blood mounted to her cheeks at the bare suggestion. True, she had sung once, but that was under duress, and her grandfather had been present. The astute Sullivan was prepared for indignation. He had been working out the idea for the past twenty-four hours. Weeks back the thing had occurred to him, but he knew that Abe and Maurice would have wrung his neck had he suggested it. Moreover, Eloise was not likely to accept while she had money left to pay her way.

"Why not?" he said. "I know this place ain't no chapel, but you've got the kind of voice to make folk wish they had never left home."

"You ask me to fill the post of saloon girl?"

"No, I don't. I ask you to make this place a little better'n it is. You sing just what you like, how you like, and when you like, and if any guy tries to get fresh I'll deal with him."

To do Sullivan credit, he was serious about giving the place "tone." He remembered the sensation Eloise had created when she sang before at Corri's command. He believed that a girl of Eloise's type would bring him more business than the women of doubtful character who usually haunted such places as Stickine.

The suggestion at first appalled Eloise. She had had enough experience in mining towns to know the kind of women men expected to find there. On the other hand, might not there be something in Sullivan's idea? Men usually treated women as they asked to be treated. Moreover, there was the financial problem staring her in the face.

"If I agreed to sing here in the evenings, who would accompany me. I can only sing good songs, and they need a good pianist."

"There's Archie—don't make no mistake about Archie. He can tickle the dominoes all right if he wants to. You give him a trial."

Archie was the cadaverous youth who usually played wild ragtime and waltzes. He had drifted in to Stickine the previous winter, and entertained Sullivan's customers for a few dollars a week, plus drinks.

Eloise wanted time to consider the matter, but Sullivan wasn't taking risks of that sort.

"Two hours in the evening, that's all I ask. You can keep your room, and have as much food as you want. Is it a go?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow."

"I'd like to know now. I want to stick up a notice outside. It'll bring the hull town in."

"I'll do it if you agree that it shall be only until Maurice returns."

"Maurice—who the—?"

Eloise realized she had made a slip.

Sullivan only knew Maurice as "the kid."

"I mean Abe's partner. He has gone on a mission for me."

Sullivan open his eyes.

"Wal, I guessed there was something in the wind. So, he's got a real name then Maurice . . . Gee!"

The arrangement was fixed up and Sullivan placarded the outside of the saloon with seductive notices. Eloise tried the lank Archie with an accompaniment and found him to be quite a good pianist. His past, like a lot of other men in Stickine, was a thing of mystery. But he loved music, and was aglow with enthusiasm when he heard of Eloise's decision.

The following night brought big crowds to the saloon. Sullivan had gone to the expense of laying a new carpet on the raised platform, and putting new colored shades over the oil lamps. Eloise, dressed in a modest evening gown, feeling not a little nervous, made her debut as an entertainer.

Her success startled her. The whole crowd cheered her to the echo. The bad elements were kept in order by the good, of whom there were quite a number. Sullivan's theory held good, up to a point. They saw in this beautiful girl, no encouragement to "get fresh." They began to realize that crude passions had less real appeal than the natural charm of an unaffected modest girl. They acted like a lot of high spirited school-boys trying to be good at a party.

Sullivan was in great spirits. Never had his place been so filled as now. He made himself scrupulously polite to Eloise, and tried to make her feel that she was not a hired servant.

Curiously enough, Eloise began to enjoy these nightly entertainments. During the period between the breaking up of Corri's company and her acceptance of Sullivan's offer, she had pined for some kind of vocal exercise. Archie was her doubtful champion. He swore her voice was better than Melba's, Tetrassini's and Patti's combined, and in his ardour he certainly believed it.

* * *

In the meantime, Abe and Maurice were nearing their destination. The journey had taken them longer than they had expected, for Abe's geography was bad, and they had to rely on the very bad map on which the claim was located. To make matters worse, four of the dogs had died from some unknown disease, and the weather was atrocious. On the top of the Fryng Pan mountains, they ran full into a terrific blizzard, which lasted three days and kept them inside their tent, wondering whether it would ever blow itself out.

On one evening in February they struck Charlesville.

"Better rest here a day or two," said Abe.

"What for?"

"Wal, ain't you fairly beat?"

"No, I'm not. We've lost a week already.

How far is it from here?"

Abe consulted the map.

"Bout twenty miles."

Maurice looked over his shoulder.

"Why, the railroad runs through here.

Where does it go to?"

Abe stared at the black line on the map.

"Is that a Railroad?"

"Of course it is."

"Wal, it don't cut no ice. It goes within twelve miles of the claim, and then runs away."

Maurice made inquiries, and found there was no train for two days, at which Abe was mightily pleased, for he hated trains. They decided to leave the dogs at the inn, and to manhandle the sled and packs over the intervening twenty miles.

They started the next morning, both eager to test the mine. It was still bitterly cold, but the snow was less deep and the "going" was good compared to their recent journey. In the middle of the afternoon they found the place, situated on the slope of a big hill. They rigged up the tent and consulted the map closely. Then they set out to find the stakes.

Abe found them, enclosing 250 square feet of land, with their flattened heads bearing the name of James Gregory and the date of the locating.

"Is that all there is of it?" queried Maurice surprisedly.

"How much did you expect? I reckon there's enough in that patch to occupy our time for a bit. Now where . . . ?"

He walked about casting his eyes over the claim as though in search of something. At last he found it—a slight hollow near the northern end.

"Here's where old Gregory put his spade in—I guess. Darn the snow!"

"You're going to make a start there?" queried Maurice.

"Yep—if there's nothing there we'll go mushing back quickly."

It was too late to begin that day, so they spent the evening in getting the gear ready and in collecting wood. On the morrow they started. They dug into the frozen snow, and struck earth that was like iron. Abe initiated Maurice into the business of Winter mining. It was the slowest job imaginable. Every foot of earth had to be first of all thawed by wood fires before the spade could remove it. The "pay dirt" itself was washed with snow-water, since the creek nearby was frozen solid.

After six hours of Herculean toil they had dug out about two hundredweight of earth.

"Now, Kid, have you got that water?"

Maurice came forward with a bucket and a washing pan. His excitement was intense. He watched Abe swirl the pan round and saw muddied water flowing from it. He heard an exclamation from Abe as the latter stopped washing, and fingered something in the bottom of the pan.

"Well?"

"Gosh . . . It's a dream. . . . Look at that, Kid!"

"Gold?"

"Yep. . . . By ginger. . . . this is some mine. Get more water."

After that there was no slacking. They built a good fire in the hole before going to bed, and awoke with the rising sun to dig out more dirt. The "pay streak" seemed to run about three feet from the surface. It's yield was amazingly large.

"If it goes on panning out like this there's a fortune in the claim," said Abe.

Maurice gave a sigh of intense pleasure. It meant that Eloise would be rich. He meant to persuade her to sell the claim as it stood, and to forego the trouble of working it.

In three days they had twenty ounces of gold. Maurice watched it go through the mercury barrel in its impure state, thence into the shovel over the fire, until the mercury had evaporated, and the pure, glittering gold shone before his eyes. They put it into a "poke," and rested from their labors.

"And now we'll get back to Stickine," said Maurice.

Abe, who had been thinking, shook his head.

"Can't be done," he said.

"What!"

"See here, Kid—it's only just struck me. We've got to register the claim again. It's what they call "abandoned," and this yere certificate ain't a bit of use. Any guy could come and put in his stakes. That's what Corri was making for."

Maurice opened his eyes.

"But why didn't you think of that before? I promised Eloise . . ."

"Ain't done this sort of stunt for years. It's no use argufying—we can't take the risks."

"But where can you get it registered?"

"Search me—we'll have to nose round Charlesville, and find where the Mining Recorder hangs out."

Maurice sat in deep reflection. This was something entirely unexpected. He knew that Eloise would expect him, and that she badly needed the gold.

"I'm going back, Abe," he said. "I'll bring Eloise down here when the weather breaks. In the meantime you can stay and look after the claim."

"You'll never do the journey."

"Don't talk rot. I've made up my mind."

Eventually Abe agreed. They altered the name and date on the flatted side of the stakes, covered up the hole with snow, and then set off for Charlesville. Maurice arranged to leave for Stickine early in the morning.

Arrived in Charlesville, Abe set out to find the whereabouts of the local Mining Recorder. He wandered into the Fraser Hotel with a view to getting information. His huge bulk caused a certain amount of interest on the part of the habitués of Olroyd's place, but they were engaged too deeply in conversation to pay much attention to him.

Jake, the erstwhile mail carrier, was causing a slight sensation.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," he said. "Corse, I'm wise as to the cause—it was Woodrow. But how he got that doggon alligator to get me back my job beats me."

Olroyd pulled a long face.

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Mr. Chubb's Classical Tuesdays

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday

—BYRON

By S. B. GOULD



"O-O-O-O," groans Mrs. Smith.

"Ah-ah-ah," Mrs. Jones gasps, a split fraction of a second too late this time, glowering fiercely into the next box.

Mili Sonoroso, the great operatic tenor, has just sung "Pale hands I've loved" for the sixth time that morning, and again Mrs. Smith has succeeded in beating Mrs. Jones with her gasp and applause and has thereby clearly demonstrated to everyone in the crowded and overheated Supermount Auditorium that she has the keener appreciation of music of the two.

No wonder Mrs. Jones glowers. She had got up early, bathed, dressed and marcelled elaborately, strung many thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry round her fleshly neck, sat through a long and very tedious program—she had only known two of the pieces that morning really well—and now her appreciation of music is being called in question by Mrs. Smith, who seems able to sense the conclusion of a piece before she can herself. It is really too bad.

God knew the program that morning had been far from interesting. The only things she had really enjoyed were "Pale Hands" and "The Rosary." Each had been sung many times, but still there had been so much that had been unfamiliar and had bored her terribly. Mr. Chubb was really getting too highbrow.

But we must not be too unkind to Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith. For they and their friends form probably the largest class of music lovers in the country. And without their support no music could exist.

Music lovers they are; for it cannot be denied that they do enjoy the appalling concerts to which Mr. Chubb inveigles them. They hang on every note and chord his dismal programs provide. At every time-worn musical trick they catch their wheezy breaths. Tears start to their eyes and pudgy fingers clench at each repeated sentimentality. For it is just those bathtub melodies, "Pale Hands," "Songs of India," "Coming thro' the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home" that delight these well-fed matrons most, these patronesses of the arts.

Drawn by their love of music, from North, South, East and West they come. Dogs bark, screen doors crash to, Fords clatter and roar, springs groan, the day coaches are crowded on the Jerkwater and Janestown Line because it is Tuesday and Chubb has hired a hall.

One, two, three hours later they will be panting into the elevators of the Supermount, eager for their weekly treat. Even the deaf come to these concerts. Because it's the thing to do. And cannot they, too, read

their names, faithfully recorded by the local press, when they get back home?

The first thing Mrs. Smith will do next morning will be to open the *Argus and News Optic* at the Society page and eagerly scan the sheet, sighing with relief when she finds her trip was not in vain. "These stupid reporters are always getting things mixed up, no matter how much trouble you take to help them get it straight," she says, having spent all Monday informing the editor of her plans.

"Wasn't that dear Mr. Chubb's concert just too divine?" Mrs. Smith is purring into a telephone a few minutes later to a friend who she knows has been unable to get tickets this year. "As I always say, Bessie dear . . ."

"And besides that lovely music is so restful before a day's hard shopping."

So, with her Mondays spent in warning the *Argus*, Tuesdays getting to and from the concert, and Wednesdays in telephoning her less fortunate and fashionable friends, Mrs. Smith really devotes a great deal of time to music.

And she does enjoy her "Classical Tuesdays." She'll even sing "The Jewel Song" next time she mixes salad. Again we must remember it is she and a million like her who keep our orchestras together, who make music pay its way, who buy our fiddlers catgut, who patronize the arts.

But here is Mr. Chubb himself, dapper and overgroomed, ushering in some new musical lion, walking neatly, smiling carefully and bowing with meticulous ease. What a wonderful man he is!

Mr. Chubb most certainly was a wonderful man. In the words of modern business, he had "put music over in a big way." A spell-binder of the first brilliance in his own smaller and genteeler circle, Mr. Chubb had added a third to the mighty nineteenth century showmen Bryan and Barnum; only Mr. Chubb was very much scrubbed up, Glostoraed and frock coated.

Mr. Chubb had had "Vision." He had conceived the idea of making music fashionable—and at the same time almost enjoyable to the dumpy matrons whose dollars he so painlessly extracts.

With a mailing list consisting of the great names of Society, and those of the thousands who some day hope to be great; with musicians and singers of real merit as well as international fame, glad of the chance of picking up some unexpected dollars on a Tuesday morning; with a hall, happily hired on a morning when it would otherwise remain unused; and with programs carefully selected, with one eye on the gallery, the other on the cash register, from which all but the most

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ARTHUR E. STILWELL'S

Sermonettes

THE MAJESTY OF LIFE

UNDERSTAND fully the Majesty of Life; the marvelous body you have, the most complicated, wonderful working and wonder working creation of a perfect Creator direct from the laboratories of the Divine. Keep thy mind clean and thus link yourself with the spiritual power that gave you life and being. No noble of earth given the highest decorations by all the kings of earth was ever honored as you are. You have feet, that you may run or walk and climb the mountain tops and see before you the wonders of the world. You can walk in the untrodden paths of the great forests and behold the wonders of nature. By your hands you can feed yourself with the bounties of nature's kitchen. You can write inspired messages and help redeem the world. By your hands you can give to canvas some masterpiece that will hand your name down the corridors of time. By your hands you can conquer the great organ and make it vibrate and re-vibrate with anthems that will sway multitudes or bring from the ivory keys of the piano or the strings of the violin melodies fit for the heavenly choir. By these same hands you can transcribe to paper the very song of angels that the world may reproduce in harmony that you grasped. By the same hands you can construct machinery that will revolutionize the world and annihilate space and rise as on the wings of the eagle and reach the farthest shores of earth. With your eyes you can see the glories of the Creator—the sun as it kisses the dew-kissed earth, and the flowers, and the setting sun and the glories of the daily light clouds, the star-shaped heavens of immensity. With the same eyes you can see the beauties of the flowers and the feathered kingdom, and the paths you tread in the streets of the great city. With your ears you can catch the conversation of earth's residents and hear the melody of music. With your nose you can smell the wonderful flowers and catch the heaven-given perfume. All these honors are yours, greater than any king of earth can bestow. Then more wonderful than all of these are the wonders of the mind, the storehouse of wisdom, and the remembrance chambers of all that have passed, and from that mind, when attuned with the Infinite, you shall receive inspiration and draw unlimited visions for the future paths of the world, and from that storehouse of knowledge and that which has passed, you can shape and bring before the world knowledge that shall shape the future. Why use this wonder-working mind with the trifles of thought? In this secret place of the Most High, never defile it with hate or revenge. Let charity, justice and love abide in that temple. Be true to the glories of thy high spiritual being. Never let the mind attempt to formulate plans by which you may gain

by tricks, for they will only react on you and defeat you. Nature's forces are silent. Rise above all discord and discontent by contemplation of the honors conferred on you by your Creator. Work in patience among the discordant and in time your patience shall be rewarded by being removed from the discord that has surrounded you. Follow thy own light and intuition as the wise men of old followed the guiding star, and thy light shall bring you your own salvation. You are an independent factor in God's vineyard. Be independent—independent in judgment and action. Act like the son of a king, and you are. Hold your head high. Walk erect. Allow no excesses of any kind, for they only rob us of the days and years that the Creator expected you to use with wisdom. Seek the best and the highest by living near God, thy loving Father. Be a worthy son of the Creator of all the universes of universes reaching to the farthest shore of time. Then shall thy days be long and the land which the Lord thy God has given thee and just reward shall follow your endeavors.

* * *

CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES

ALWAYS consider the consequences of all that you do or think, for it is that which follows which is the harvest, and if you do not consider before you act or think, the consequences or the results that follow may be far from pleasant.

If you put your hand in the fire, it is burned. If you jump in the water, you will get wet. To you these are apparent consequences, and you avoid them if you do not desire the results that follow. But, it is the non-apparent consequences that change your life and make it either a heaven or a hell. It is the things that follow the unthinking man or woman that makes or breaks them. While you are fully aware that fire will burn your hand if placed in it, fully aware that water is wet, it is also necessary to know that there is no act or thought of your life that has not also its consequences. You cannot hate people and be loved; you cannot spend hours in foolish conversations and cash in on your time; you cannot think low, vile thoughts and associate with worth-while people; you cannot damn the world and have it seek you for your wisdom. Everything that you do and every thought that you think has its consequences. You are either building for success or digging for failure. There is a very wise saying that a rut and the grave are the same—only one is deeper than the other. If you are in a rut, the consequences are bad, for the rut keeps getting deeper the longer you remain in it. Do not be afraid to get out of ruts of business, or ruts of thought. If you are despondent and life not worth while living, just change all that you are doing. If living on

hearty meals, go light and live on solid vegetables and eat potatoes in some form three times a day. Certain sections of Ireland live on potatoes almost entirely, and they produce the strongest men in Europe. If you are wearing black socks, change to light ones; if wearing a dark hat, get a light one; change around the furniture in your room and make it look entirely different. Change the color of your clothes and your necktie. Go down new streets to your business. Drop all the reading that you have indulged in in the past and take a new line of books. If you have not been a great reader of late, read twice or three times what you have been reading. Read some of Kipling's poems, or Browning's. Never mind if you don't like them or do not understand them. Try it. It will open new doors of thought trying to find out what they mean. If you have never thought on the line of inventions, buy a number of magazines that treat on these subjects and open more doors of thought. Drop your old friends for the time being, and try and make new ones, for right beside your hell is the Kingdom of Heaven. But you will never find it in your old rut. The consequences that will follow this radical step may give you some lost key to open the doors and allow you to enter the long-desired haven of success. Wash your mind each morning with some lofty thought. Pick it out the night before and have it ready to look at when you awake. Read some inspired phrase of some great mind just before you retire and try and think it out and fall asleep with it in your mind. In a few weeks you will find that you are made over and the consequences that follow will probably lead you into green pastures beside the still waters into the haven of plenty and joy.

* * *

JUST A KITE STRING

IT is remarkable how humble has been the birth of great blessings and that of the world's benefactors. Electricity slid down Franklin's kite string and the wonders of electricity are unfolding each day.

It was just a kite string that started all this blessing for man. Earth's greatest prophet was born in a manger and if a composite picture could be made of those that had left their name on history's page, it would resemble a story and half house with about four rooms.

Kings have done little for the world except to bring on wars and bathe it in blood. A few have been wise and some have been good, but very few. The really great have been hewers of wood, rail splitters, potters and carpenters.

Humble birth is a distinct asset in the battle of life. The big things of life and the really big men had a humble start. Do not despise the small things of life. An acorn is

small, but it can grow into a mighty tree and give shade to hundreds. Never mind how humble your birth, never mind if you have not had the advantages of college. The seed of success in you is perhaps small like the acorn, but it is you and you alone that can prove that from a humble birth greatness can be achieved.

It was a big man with a little idea that sent up that kite, but it was a big thing that slid down the string, not big to start with, but it has grown and as yet we can only see faintly what will be the end of this humble birth, like that humble birth in Bethlehem—it gathers momentum as the years pass.

* * * PEARLS

THERE is a legend that while the Master was walking with the Disciples, they came upon the mangled body of a dead dog. The Disciples did all in their power to attract His attention elsewhere, but He stopped and looked at the crushed flesh so repulsive to others, and said, "Even pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Others did not see this one redeeming feature, while this was all the Master saw. So it is in all of life—there are always in all conditions some redeeming point, but can we see it and thus lift up our thoughts? If we can, we may yet be able to rebuild from hopeless embers a foundation for lasting hope. All clouds are

lined with silver and if we can see this silver lining and lift ourselves up in time of stress and panic, we can also help others and be a leader. It was the Master's ability to see the resemblance to pearls in the whiteness of these teeth that made that incident, so revolting to His Disciples, live in memory as a vital lesson. Had He only seen what others saw, the incident would have been forgotten with the passing of the day. As it was, it is handed down through generations to guide us, to teach us that in all cases thought by others to be hopeless, there is always some ray of light, and blessed are those that can see that ray, for they, too, may be saviours and redeemers of their age.

It is confidence in the everlasting right that overcomes and banishes evil. It is the refusal to retreat in the presence of worry or discord that is the path to salvation. It is the God-given instinct to insist on marching onward when the world desires to retreat; it is the calmness that enables one single man to prevent panics, to rally mobs, panic-stricken mobs, from stampeding. Just hold the thought, "Lead kindly light 'midst encircling gloom," and you will also see pearls where the rest of the world sees only discord.

* * * HOW TO MAKE A BLESSING

A LARGE majority of the world thinks a blessing is something sent to a person

through someone on the outside. This is a great mistake. The person that sends you a blessing is on the inside, and that person is your own self.

You can just bless yourself all day long, and, in fact, have a blessing factory by living a blessed life, a clean life, an upright life; a life that knows no hate, no fear, that looks on all the world through eyes of love.

* * *

A blessed life that forgives mistakes, seventy times, seven; a blessed life that takes discordant conditions, picks them to pieces, finds the seed of good, perhaps as small as a mustard seed, plants that seed and watches it grow into a great tree.

Then shall you bless yourself, then shall the world also send you its best, the fruit of the looms, the wealth of the mines; ships shall sail the seven seas, their cargoes consigned to you, for you have by your own acts, your deeds, your thoughts, sent out into the wilderness and desert your very best and it is returned to you a thousand fold.

Blessings without stint, blessings so great they can not be numbered, but these blessings are only the reflections of your thoughts, your acts, your deeds. They were your beautiful, kindly acts that have come home to bless you. You lived the perfect life and in turn found the perfect world. You built blessings and resided in your own home.

The Story of Two Dogs

Continued from page 407

"He's sure crazed," he said. "Why in hell did he want to get you fired?"

McPhey, who had dropped in to listen to the latest gossip about the queer man at Redgap, shook his head.

"Got religion, no doubt," he said. "Heard as how he was nearly corpsed. Shot hisself or something."

"Fell down a ravine," said another. "But he can't be corpsed like that. The 'doc' from Three Rivers allowed it was enough to kill an elephant—but John Hadley wasn't born to be killed that way, oh no."

Abe began to get interested.

"Who's the guy they're talking of?" he asked.

"Man up there at Redgap—millionaire or something. Don't love him overmuch about here."

"Where's Redgap?"

"Other side of the divide, up by Wandering Creek. Bought the whole country round there, and got a shack like a palace."

Abe began to have dreadful doubts.

"Where's his land extend to. I'm kind of interested in that bit of country."

"Takes in half a mile this side of Wandering Creek—mountain and all. On the other side it runs up to . . ."

But Abe didn't want to hear any more. Eloise's claim was actually on the side of Wandering Creek. The house they mentioned must have been over the hill. He realized to his horror that the abandoned claim had been taken into this new estate. There was no need now to find the Mining Recorder. Their precious gold mine was the property of another person.

He got the facts endorsed by several other persons who had good reason to know exactly where Hadley's land ended. It looked as though neither Hadley nor the previous owner had thoroughly surveyed the land near the creek, or they must surely have seen the stakes.

He left the saloon and went up the street to indulge in a volley of irrepressible cursing. What would Maurice say?

He met Maurice later in the evening, having thought out the problem well.

"Did you find the Mining Recorder?"

"Nope—but don't you worry. Take the gold back to the gal, and if you don't hear anything of me, come here when the snow goes. I'll keep an eye on the claim."

The next morning he saw Maurice off up the trail. The latter was puzzled by Abe's unusual glumness.

"Cheer up," he said. "You look like a wet week."

"Cheer up yourself," grumbled Abe. "We ain't got the gold out of that claim yet."

"And we aren't going to," retorted Maurice. "We're going to sell the thing as it stands."

"Oh, are we?" said Abe. "Turn over and have another dream," he added inaudibly.

[To be continued in the June issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE]



The Open Door of Advertising

Reflection upon the genius of business and its relation to exploitation—An old idea as utilized and adapted to modern conditions—Excerpi from addresses delivered by Joe Mitchell

Chapple to the advertising clubs of America

THROUGH the open door of advertising the world is passing on to a new epoch. Before and since the World War, there has been an all-pervading, settled consciousness throughout all nations that evolutionary changes were impending to herald a new era. It cannot be defined—it is felt. The spirit of the age has long been identified with business and commercial relations, but the glorious genius of these times is exploitation or advertising, to use the precise applications of the word. This is the day of advertments, the cry is for speed, more speed, and the wider and wider distribution of the benefits and blessings of earth. Transportation is the newest of sciences which has blazed the pathway. The motive power used at the time of Christ was the same as used by the people when George Washington became President of the new Republic two thousand years later. Then came steam and electric power and now gasoline. Time and distance have been annihilated; the hopes of a world-peace proceeds under the magic of quickened communications by land, by sea—and now by air.

The very word "advertising" suggests addition—expansion. It is not a word that has been rolled upon the tongue of scholars, and has even evoked criticism by the ultra-ethical, but the veil has been rent asunder. The success of every undertaking in modern times depends definitely upon a sane method of exploitation or advertising. It may not be on the printed page in books, or on the billboards or in the magazine, but every forward movement recognizes today that advancement is not possible without some definite method of exploitation, which in plain English, is advertising—a word that is given most honorable mention several times in Holy Writ—and is an inherent impulse of every human being.

Why some of the professions should shy at honestly confessing their obligations to advertising for success is difficult to reconcile. Some of them associate advertising with the wiles of the fakir and they sneer at the testimonials of patent medicine and beauty products. Testimonials must be sincere and genuine to count. The Bible itself is simply a collection of the printed testimony as to the Christian faith. Testimony is of no avail unless it is printed or made known to the people.

We are beginning to understand how interdependent we are and how necessary it is to conserve and build up our market and recruit consumers, in order to continue the marvellous creative and progressive gains of the times.

Many inventions lie dust-covered in the Patent Office in Washington that possess merit, but were denied that life-giving spark of exploitation and advertising at the right time.

The dimensions of advertising, like the door of the new epoch, is wide and as boundless as human aspirations. The drift of opinion regarding Lindbergh has revealed that the door of the new epoch is outlined in the widening horizon of advertising and exploitation. When Lindbergh leaped through the air from continent to continent, he opened wider the door of advertising and revealed an optimism identified with a new epoch just as people are discovering that folks are just folks in every land.

Strange to say, there are no locks on this door barring and forbidding entrance. It is as open as the boundless space of the heavens. Advertising has already appeared upon the passing clouds in letters of livid light. It has reached to the very bowels of the earth, and the voice of radio can receive a message from the mountain tops—even from the celestial heights. Older generations call it marvellous, miraculous, but the present generation looks upon it all as a matter of course. The boy of today is building his own radio set; he understands every nut and screw and every make of an automobile; he has grown up and lived in what has seemed to his elders a tremendous upheaval in the discovery of the new world of ether which has made homes, scattered thousands of miles apart, a neighborhood, by tuning in to hear the voice of the President or Lindbergh speaking to an audience of invisible millions.

This great portal of publicity swings upon the hinges of an ever-growing confidence of man in fellow man, as he tunes in to the station of OGH—Optimistic Good Humor. The spirit of youth, symbolized in Col. Charles A. Lindbergh has leaped across the very clouds, dashing through snow, sleet and fog, bringing back to the Old World the message of the New. Youth is Optimism—aspiration, looking forward to a glorious tomorrow for a world inhabited by good-natured people that have not forgotten how to smile.

Queen Isabella pawned her jewels that Columbus might discover America, but the little American mother in Detroit gave her jewel with a Spartan spirit that he might discover a new pathway to the hearts of mankind. He carried the real message of America to the world on the wings of the air. He inspired a good will between men such as the deed of no other mortal since the blue dawn of Bethlehem. The "Spirit of St. Louis," named for a patron saint of

France, led the crusade, expressing the real heart's desire of our country for peace. In all history there has never been a nation so gloriously advertised and presented to the world as was the United States of America in the daring, dauntless deed of Lindbergh. All alone, over the wild, angry sea, he sailed on, and on, and found a haven in the open arms and hearts of the peoples of the Old World. With the poise of a statesman, the sincerity and truth that heralds the new dawn of a golden age, the American lad, Lindbergh, with a smile, with a glorified optimism, has achieved more than all the skill of diplomats and Leagues of Nations could ever hope to accomplish in bringing the world closer together in the realization that the human race is kith and kin, that God reigns supreme over the destinies of all Time.

EVERSE the usual order of things, because the genius of the hour is Business—as exemplified in advertising and to meet the insatiable demands for "something new," I am going to have you choose the text for my address, sermon, or whatever it may appear to you to be. When I have finished you may supply a title if you like, for I am attempting a sermon without a text. Assuming that there are people here and everywhere familiar with the Bible, you may have a text ready for me when I conclude. Call to mind all the words of the Golden Texts which you memorized to win prizes in the Sunday School and the different verses from the Bible which you committed and recited with the lively anticipation of a material reward from a doting father and a loving mother.

Thinking of the church under the magic spell of "advertising" I searched the Scriptures and found a suggestion in the third verse of the first Chapter of Genesis, "Let there be light and there was light," with a fitting sequel in the fourth verse, "God divided the light from the darkness." Then in Number 24, 14th verse, the word "advertise" appears in all the glory of nine letters—"And now behold I go unto my people, come therefore and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days." In the tiny book of Ruth, that wonderful poetic drama in the Bible, that enhances the sweet sentiment of woman's love of woman in the story of Ruth and Naomi, I find in the fourth chapter, fourth verse, these words that might well be a slogan of the coming convention.

"And I sought to advertise thee."

Boaz used these words at the gate to ten men of the elders of the city. He asked

them to "sit ye down here." This is the first recorded declaration of an advertising conference—"And I sought to advertise thee, by it, before the inhabitants and before the elders of my people, if thou wilt redeem it, redeem it, but if thou wilt not redeem it, tell me that I may know, for there is no one to redeem it but thou, and I am after thee, and he concluded 'I will redeem it.'" He was discussing buying. This was an expression of confidence that suggested truth emblazoned on the banner of advertising, for here followed the dramatic custom of Israel concerning faith and redemption. One man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor as the traditional testimony of confidence in Israel.

In my Sunday school days, one of my heroes was Daniel—the Daniel that dared and was in the Lion's den. In the Book of Daniel I find a sentence that is an inspiration for this age of exploitation: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Now, if you think I have a basis for a text in these quotations, I will proceed to tell you of my tour in the Holy Land, going from Dan to Beersheba in four hours in a Packard car.

While in Jerusalem, the Golden, a Moslem mother came toward me with an infant in her arms. The babe's eyes were filled with running sores covered with flies, while at her side was a little lad of ten pulling at her skirts. He was the spokesman, and evidently the only words he could speak in my tongue were, "Take me, America!" He appealed to me with his lustrous eyes as he repeated the words, and he followed me back to the hotel. I gave him backsheesh, but somehow he was not satisfied—nor was the mother whose heart was centered in having her boy's prayer answered. "Take me America!" he continued. When I entered the hotel, he dropped on his knees with his face turned towards Mecca, with his arms uplifted in prayer and his very soul crying out, "Take me America! Allah! Allah! America!"

The words and act struck deep in my heart. The name of my country allied with that of God Himself! From the old cradle of civilization where squalor and want are called existence, comes the cry of ancient people with eyes following the Westward course of empire. They have their visions of the new world as we have ours of ancient lands and people, as the East meets the West, face to face in friendly greeting.

And when I returned to New York and looked upon the Statue of Liberty, with arm uplifted, radiating the beacon light of welcome, it symbolized to me again the hope that peace may again reign supreme in the world.

On the deck of the ship I observed an elderly man whom I had met during the return voyage on the Leviathan. The passengers had given \$45,000—in cash—for the Florida hurricane. Some of the foreign friends abroad were astounded at the generous subscriptions voluntarily made by Americans and adopted Americans, such as this old man, who had given \$500.

"Why is all this voluntary subscription from individuals necessary? Why don't they take it out of the State treasury, or the national budget?" They did not understand the sympathetic heart of an American that ever responds to the call of humanity in distress—a glorified friendliness.

As the old man dropped on his knees by the rail I thought he was faint and started to assist him. He gazed upon the circular walls of old Castle Garden at Bowling Green as we passed and said:

"Fifty years ago I arrived there without money and without a single friend—I was just praying—thanking God for Mamma—the children, and America."

May we not echo this prayer?


FOLLOWING every war, history seems to record a new epoch. A decade after the Revolution came the steamboat, the invention of an artist who studied with Benjamin West. His Claremont was the harbinger of a new civilization. Fulton went

of a new civilization. When Fulton went below and shouted "The boat moved," it marked the beginning of the science of transportation which had lain dormant with the same motive power used from the days of Caesar to the time of Napoleon. Fifteen years after the War of 1812, came the first railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio in 1827, when the locomotive "Puffing Billy" made its way to Ellicott's Mills. This epoch also marks the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, which marked the peace between the two great English-speaking people which shall continue as long as the flags endure. After the Mexican War, the magic message flashed from the invention of Samuel F. B. Morse, in the words: "See what God hath wrought," and the telegraph came into being. Eleven years after the Civil War came the telephone, and electricity, bringing great industrial organizations and railroad expansion, a sequence to the development of rapid transportation facilities. Not long after the Spanish American War the automobile and gasoline signalled another epoch, and even the beginnings of the aeroplane. The World War will always be associated with the perfected use of radio and aerial navigation. The flight of Lindbergh is a symbol of the closer contact of the nations of the world in friendly understanding.


In all of these epochal events, we find the genius of advertising and exploitation, the all-impelling power back of forward movements. What will come next, who knows?

The coming generations may develop a telepathic communication that will put a ban on crime and evil such as the force of the law and arms were not able to accomplish under the old order of things. It may be that the peace of the future, enduring and secure, will come because of more light dissolving the darkness of hidden intent lurking in the minds of evil doers, more nearly approaching the ideal order of human development as symbolized in the life of the Master, the Ruler of Rulers, the lowly Nazarene and the Man among men.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE ARMY (Memories of a Doughboy)




I'm here with my two thin blankets
As thin as a slice of ham,
An Enemy spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Don't kid me,
My bed tick's filled with straw
And lumps and humps and big fat bumps
Have scratched me till I am raw.




I'm here with my two thin blankets
As thin as my last thin dime,
As thin, I think, as a flapper's dress,
Oh, I'm in for a heluva time.
I pull 'em up from the bottom
Whenever I start to sneeze,
A couple of yanks will cover my shanks,
But, boy, how my bare "dogs" freeze.

I'm here with my two thin blankets,
They're pulled up under my chin;
Yes, an Enemy spy was likely the guy,
And they're thin, O Lord, how thin!

From the Stars and Stripes.



Tickleweed and Feathers



A country preacher in Alabama, a divine by the name of Williams, noticed a new face in his congregation, and when the service was ended he hurried down to greet the newcomer.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "this is the first time you've been to our church. I'm mighty glad to see you here."

Whereupon Mr. Martin replied: "Ah had to come, pahson. Ah needs strengthenin'. Ah's got me a job white-washin' a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence around a water-melyon patch."—*Vancouver Province*.

* * *

A suave realtor was trying to interest William Lord Wright, the scenario serial king, in a suburban home. He dilated on the locality and the scenery, comparing it to the cooped-up conditions in Los Angeles. According to him, it would be like moving from Hell to Heaven. "And," he wound up, "the scenery is unsurpassed."

"I admit it," said Bill, "but the trouble is, there is too much scenery between here and the studio."—*Los Angeles Times*.

* * *

Sometimes the worm will turn

"Look at woman today!" shrieked a female orator who wore rubber-tire spectacles and had the appearance of a female gladiator. "I ask you," she repeated, "Where is she?"

A small half-starved looking man in the back of the hall arose and shouted, "You can find her any evening at 6 o'clock in the delicatessen store," and sat down amidst wild applause.—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

* * *

Not a Floorwalker

"Where's the hat department?" asked the lady.

"I don't know, madam," said the sleek young man.

"Where's the shoe department?" asked the lady.

"I couldn't say, madam," said the young man.

"Where's the coat department?" asked the lady.

"I am unaware, madam," said the young man.

"You oughta get canned!" said the woman. (She wasn't a lady any more—she'd lost her temper.)

But he wasn't a floorwalker. He was just a college boy, saturated with Spring, roaming around without a hat.—*Chicago News*.

* * *

A tired-looking man, shabbily dressed, recently entered one of the numerous employment agencies on Arch st. After he

stood looking about for some time, one of the attendants asked him what he wanted.

"Got any jobs?" asked the tired one.

"Say didn't you read that sign outside?" came the swift reply. "The one that says 'No Work Today'?"

"Uh huh," was the placid rejoinder. "I saw it all right. That's why I applied."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

* * *

He was very patient and long-suffering young man, but when at last she arrived at the corner where they had arranged to meet, he ventured a remonstrance.

"Darling, you are late," he said mildly.

"Only a few minutes," she protested in an injured tone. "I said I'd be here at 7 o'clock, and it's only 20 minutes past."

"O, sighed the young man, "then you must have mistaken the day. I've been waiting here since last night."—*London Tit-Bits*.

* * *

"Hot biscuits, darling! Well, well, well! Just think of that!"

"Yes, hot biscuits! No, I've never made any before. Yes, I made these all by myself. No, they won't bounce if you drop them. Yes, I tried one on the cat and it's still alive. No, I didn't mix the cook book and leave out the salt. Yes, if you survive this nothing will surprise you. And now, unless I've overlooked some wisecrack you had in mind, will you kindly put the syrup pitcher on the plate, dear, so it won't drip on the cloth?"—*Life*.

* * *

Smarter Than Dad

Small Marjorie was explaining her progress in arithmetic at the family dinner table and Dad resolved to test her:

"Can you add small sums, girlie? And subtract? Take one number from another?"

"O, yes, Daddy."

"Well, that's fine," said the encouraged parent. "Now, let's hear you do it. Supposing there were four flies on the table and I killed one of them—how many would be left?"

"Just one, Daddy," promptly replied the prodigy, "the dead one."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

* * *

Gentle Warning

"Anything to see in this gosh-forsaken hamlet?" asked a New York salesman, who was in San Diego for the week-end.

"Well yes," responded the doorman of the San Diego Hotel. "Every once in a while you can see a funeral go by—and occasionally it's the funeral of some fellow that

thought he was smart, and got what was coming to him."—*Los Angeles Times*.

* * *

Receptive Mood

Club Member—I say, old man, a fellow I know is charged with stealing whiskey. Will you take the case?

Barrister (absently)—Rather! Send it around to my office!—*London Tit-Bits*.

* * *

Dumb

Caller—How is the master this morning?
Maid—There's more hope for him, sir. They took an X-ray of his brain and found nothing there.—*Capper's Weekly*.

* * *

Showing Discretion

Inspector (to little Binks, who has reported that his wife is missing)—So, you want us to find her! Is that so?

Little Binks—"Er—no—thank you."

"Well, why do you come here?"

"Because if she came back and found I hadn't done anything about it she'd half kill me."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

* * *

Another Bird

Rastus was before the judge on a charge of stealing poultry.

The Judge—Rastus, you are here on a charge of stealing chickens. Did you steal this man's chickens?

Rastus—N—n—no suh.

The Judge—And you didn't steal his roosters?

Rastus—N—n—no suh.

The Judge—Case dismissed.

Rastus—Thank you, judge. But if you had mentioned ducks, you sure would have had me.—*Vancouver Province*.

* * *

Sarcastic

Angler (starting out for day's sport)—And, of course, I shall eat all I catch.

Landlady—All right, sir. I'll have a bit of toast ready to put them on.—*London Tit-Bits*.

* * *

"Now children, call out some long words to me."

"Peculiarities."

"Good—another."

"Idiosyncrasies."

"Yes—another."

"Rubber."

"That is not long enough."

"No, but you can stretch it."—*Lustige Zeitung, Cologne*.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer Miller, eugenics expert, told a story to a Duluth reporter.

"Our children," she said, "live too much with their elders. They hear too many things that are unfit for children's ears. This makes them precocious.

"In my native Sioux City a boy answered a butcher's want ad.

"What can you do?" the butcher asked him.

"Anything," said the boy. "What will you pay me?"

"Two good dollars a week, starting right here and now," said the butcher. "But what can you do?"

"Anything, I told you," said the boy.

"Anything's no answer," said the butcher. "Be specific. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Gosh," said the boy, "not on \$2 a week."—*Detroit Free Press*.

* * *

Little Earl had reached the advanced age of 3 and was about to discard rompers for more manly knickers. His mother determined to make the occasion memorable, so when he came down to breakfast the first morning, wearing his new knickers, the breakfast table was loaded with dainties.

"Now, Earl," said his proud mother, "you are a little man."

Earl was in the seventh heaven of joy. Edging closer to his mother, he whispered: "Say, ma, can I call pa 'Bill' now?"—*Girlhood Days*.

Flowing Language

"How is your son getting on at college?"

"He must be doing pretty well in languages. I have just paid for three courses—\$10 for Latin, \$10 for Greek and \$100 for Scotch."—*M. K. S. Magazine*.

* * *

Difficult

"Judge: "Are you trying to show contempt for this court?"

Lawyer: "No, I am trying to conceal it."

* * *

Too Late

A collection attorney received an account, accompanied by a request that he "move heaven and earth to get this scoundrel." He replied:

"There would be no use in moving either locality in this instance. The debtor died last week."

* * *

Babeball Etiquette

The office boy rushed into the boss's office with his hat on one side of his head and shouted, "Hey, boss! I want to get off to go to the ball game!"

"Jimmy," said the boss, "that is no way to ask. Sit here at the desk and I will show you how."

He went from the room and returned with his hat in his hand, saying, "Please, Mr.

Jones, may I go to the ball game this afternoon?"

"Sure," said Jimmy; "here's six bits for a ticket!"

* * *

Jimmy had a sprained wrist—the right one. He whimpered and wailed when told he would have to go to school in spite of it. His protestations amounted to shrieks and his mother could do nothing with him. She appealed to Jimmy's father.

"Come now, my son," began Dad in dulcet tones. "You're sure getting to be a big boy now. Surely you don't want to stay home just because you've got a little sprained wrist, do you?"

"No, Dad," blubbered Jimmy. "It ain't that, but there's too many fellows at school who owe me a licking."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

* * *

"Mary had a little lamb
With mint and potato mash,
And as she didn't eat it all
The next day she had hash.

* * *

Mrs. Muggs—So you'll have to throw out the new roomer you got?

Mrs. Tuggs—Yes, he started flirting with me right away—and that means he's broke.—*Life*.

The Lovely Rivers and Lakes of Maine

OH, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charmed with their names, as my song will explain.

Aboriginal muses inspire my strain,
While I sing the bright rivers and lakes of Maine—

From Capsuptac to Cheputmaticook,
From Sagadahoc to Pohenegamook,
'gamook, 'gamook,
Pohenegamook,
From Sagadahoc to Pohenegamook.

For light serenading the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon" and "Sweet Avon" may do very well;

But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the woods;

The Aroostook and Chemmenticook,
The Chimpasaok and Chinquassabamtook,
'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chinquassabamtook,
The Chimpasaok and Chinquassabamtook.

Behold! how they sparkle and flash in the sun!
The Mattawamkeag and Munsungun;
The kingly Penobscot, the wild Noolastook,
Kennebec, Kennebag and Sebasticook,
The pretty Presumtscut and Gay Tulanbic;
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic,
Schoodic, Schoodic,
The little Schoodic,
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic.

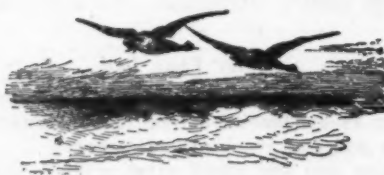
Yes, yes, I prefer the bright rivers of Maine
To the Rhine, or the Rhone, or the Soane, or the Seine.

These may do for the cockney; but give me some nook

On the Ammonoosuc or the Wytapadlook,
Or the Umsaskis or the Ripogenis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis
'aquis, 'aquis,
The Piscataquis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis.

By

GEORGE B. WALLIS



Away down South, the Cherokee
Has named his rivers the Tennessee,
The Chattahoochee and the Ocmulgee,
The Congaree and the Ohoopie:
But what are they, or the Frenchy Detroit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit,
'toquoit, 'toquoit,
the Wassatoquoit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit.

Then turn to the beautiful lakes of Maine,
(To the Sage of Auburn be given the strain,
The statesman whose genial and bright fancy makes
The earth's highest glories to shine in its lakes:)
What lakes out of Maine can we place in the book

With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook,
'omook, 'omook,
The Pangokomook,
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook.

Lake Lemon or Como, what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongok-wahem

And sweet as the dew's in the violet's kiss,
Wallagosquegamook and Telosimis;
And when I can share in the fisherman's bunk
On the Mooselucmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk.
'amunk, 'amunk
or Mol'tunkamunk
On the Mooselucmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk,

And Maine has the Eagle lakes, Cheappawgan,
And the little Sepic and the little Scapan
The spreading Sebago, the Cagomgomoc,
The Millinocket and Motesinioc,
Caribou and the fair Apmonjemgamook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenabacook,
'Acocok, 'acocok,
Wetokenabacook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenabacook.

And there are the Pokeshine, Pat'quongomis;
And there is the pretty Coscomogonosis,
Romantic Umbagog, and Pemadumcook,
The Pemadumcook and the old Chesuncook,
Sepois and Moosetuc; and take care not to miss
The Umbazooksus or the Sysladobis,
'Dobsis, 'dobsis,
The Sysladobis,
The Umbazooksus or the Sysladobis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains, or forests, or fields of grain;
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Schoodic and the Basconegun,
And the dear Waubasoos and the clear Aquessuc,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk,
'kikuk, 'kikuk,
The Millenkikuk,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk.

—Boston Transcript

Clinics for the Deaf from Coasts to Gulf

Dr. Curtis H. Muncie made a tour of large cities treating hundreds of the deaf without charge—Hope for the deaf is given through the scientific revolutionary methods of this internationally known young aurist

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

MOST deafness is now both preventable and curable if timely corrective treatment is given." This statement was made by Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, internationally known aurist, in his lecture describing his revolutionary method of treating deafness before bodies of physicians and surgeons who have attended his forty-two clinics held in America and Europe.

This statement would have carried little conviction if it were not for the fact that Dr. Muncie immediately proved it by restoring the hearing to cases given up as hopeless under the regular method. It has preceded many of his clinical demonstrations, and hundreds of eye-witnesses have actually seen deaf patients operated upon and awaken from the anæsthetic with improved or restored hearing, as determined by the most rigid scientific tests applied by disinterested doctors or reporters.

These statements seem absurd only because the almost universal belief has been that deafness is incurable.

The history of medicine throughout the ages details only negative results in the treatment of deafness. The first attempt at the treatment of the cause of deafness was made by Valsalva in the sixteenth century. He was an Italian anatomist and he discovered that some deafness was caused by a closed Eustachian tube—the channel which leads from the back of the nose to the middle ear, and which function is to open and close during the act of swallowing and thereby maintain an equalized air pressure within the middle ear.

Although Valsalva's discovery was the first great step toward the treatment and cure of deafness, yet in those days there was no method by which the Eustachian tube could be opened and kept open when once closed from disease. Nevertheless, from this time on until the advent of Constructive Finger Surgery, ear specialists of all schools have, like Valsalva, attempted to open the Eustachian tubes by air inflation, hoping thereby to cure deafness, and in spite of the different means of applying the air through the Eustachian tubes, the fact remains that most deafness of all types progressed either because of the treatment or in spite of it, until at the present time we find the leading authorities in otology frankly admitting that they have no treatment for deafness, and even going so far as to infer that anyone who even claims to help hearing is an impostor, for, according to tradition, it cannot be done because it has never been done before.

Yet scientific achievement seems to be overcoming most of the barriers and impossibilities of yesterday. It was not many years ago that orthodox scientists claimed that a flying machine heavier than air could never

receive practical demonstration, still, today, the aeroplane is not only moving its own weight swiftly through the air, but is carrying tons besides and is revolutionizing transportation, making the impossible of yesterday the accomplished fact of today and mileage merely a small detail of past consideration. We must not forget in our



Dr. Curtis H. Muncie

twentieth century speed that the scientist of today dares not say that anything cannot be done until he has proven it so.

Aubrey, a contemporary historian at the time of Harvey's discovery of blood circulation, writes that "It was believed by the vulgar that Harvey was crack-brained, and all physicians were against him." This discovery by Harvey was in the seventeenth century, still great advances in medicine and surgery are based upon it—so heterodoxy of yesterday becomes orthodoxy of today, and in this enlightened age of scientific achievement we would naturally expect that the cause and cure of deafness should be discovered, and we should expect that, in view of the fact that the treatment of deafness has been along one line and the same line since Valsalva's time, if any great advance in the treatment of this disease were to be made, it must be on a different basis, a different approach, with indeed a different scientific perspective and a wholly different means of treatment.

Much deafness is caused by a closed Eustachian tube, as first set forth by Valsalva,

but through research Dr. Muncie has discovered that it is caused also by a deformity, derangement, or disease of the Eustachian tubes. Only a relatively small percentage of these cases have actually closed tubes, but most all cases of deafness have Eustachian tubes that are structurally deranged in such a way that they do not function properly. It is also conceded that blowing air through the Eustachian tubes, as generally practiced, does not in any way correct the deformity, derangement or disease of the tubes or permanently open the tubes that have been closed from disease.

It is just as reasonable to expect that blowing air into the tubes will correct the tube and restore hearing as it is to expect to blow up a collapsed and disintegrated inner tube of your automobile tire. It is logical then to believe that if a method could be established that would not only open the Eustachian tubes, but correct the deformities and derangements so that the Eustachian tubes would remain open and be brought back to their normal functioning again, this cause of the deafness would be corrected and the deafness thereby alleviated. And this is exactly what the Muncie Reconstruction Method is doing. And this is why it is scientific and curative if cases can be treated before the disease has progressed so far that degenerative changes have taken place beyond Nature's power to restore toward normalcy.

This is the age when people have to be shown. Nobody would have heard of Lindbergh if he had not put his principles into practice and his skill into action, and piloted the "Spirit of St. Louis" to Paris. Applying this principle in blazing a new trail in the cause and treatment of deafness, Dr. Muncie conceived the idea of proving the correctness of his theory by putting it to work—to reconstruct the Eustachian tubes and restore hearing on the spot. So he decided to show his method by clinical demonstration before doctors of all schools.

The first Muncie Clinic was established in Providence, R. I., in May, 1920, where in two days' time forty-two cases who had been considered hopelessly deaf were partially or completely restored to hearing. Since this eventful clinic, which was held under the auspices of the New England Osteopathic Association, Dr. Muncie has conducted forty-four ear clinics for the worthy poor in various cities in the United States, Canada, and Europe with the following three-fold purpose:

- (1) To demonstrate that most types of deafness are both preventable and curable through timely treatment by means of a constructive and corrective method.
- (2) To restore hearing to favorable cases who are unable to finance treatment and whose livelihood is dependent upon hearing.

He has personally operated over 2,000 such cases at his clinics.

(3) To comply with country-wide requests of aurists to demonstrate this new technique and thereby expand its benefits.

The only cases accepted at these clinics were those whose hearing could be improved by the one operation and who do not require post-operative treatment, and who have failed to be helped by former methods. Most cases of advanced deafness require post-operative

details cannot be put on paper, they can only be properly appreciated and felt by those present. But I shall endeavor to portray a few incidents of the clinics that stood out in my mind, as a layman—incidents full of human interest, and unusual—for their like had never happened before.

WHAT THE DOCTORS THOUGHT

But first let us hear from Dr. C. W. Young. A scientific mind is only influenced by fact and methods that will endure the searching and researching light of science:

"January 9th the undersigned had the extreme pleasure of attending the clinics conducted by Dr. Curtis H. Muncie of Brooklyn, New York, on a circuit clear across the American continent and back. He made selections out of a large number of applicants, of only a relatively few who had had treatment of medical specialists and who had failed to secure relief, and who were in such a condition as could be permanently benefited without any after treatment.

"The results were astonishing. Hour after hour he took case after case, reconstructed the Eustachian tubes, and presto change, every person after recovering from the anæsthetic could hear very much better. Usually the distance at which a clock could be heard was more than doubled. Dull faces gave expression to astonishment, succeeded with radiant joy and happiness. Cases of catarrhal deafness, nerve deafness, or otosclerosis seemed to all look alike to him and responded equally well.

"The writer can understand how they felt, for more than six years ago he had a similar experience at the Cleveland Convention. My hearing was so impaired that I could hear my big watch only thirteen inches with one ear and eighteen inches with the other. I applied to Dr. Muncie for treatment. He had not brought along anything but his fingers with him to use in giving treatments. Nevertheless, with characteristic courage, he tackled the job,

and I submitted to the reconstruction work without an anæsthetic. When it was all over I could hear my watch six feet away with either ear. At a recent clinic Dr. Muncie ran an applicator in the tubes and today I hear my big watch eighteen feet away very distinctly with either ear. I do not know how far I could hear it if my office was big enough to complete the test. I certainly count myself lucky to have been one of his patients.

"Dr. Muncie contends that there are millions of people in the United States suffering with deafness that can be cured only by digital treatment, and it is very much to his credit that he abandons his extremely lucrative practice for a time to make known to the multitude, so far as it is humanly possible, that there is hope for the deaf. His circuit trips are expensive and exhausting. He refuses all chance of remuneration while on his trip. But he and his remarkably helpful assistant, Mrs. Hicks, bear the weariness and hardships with joy in their hearts over the

relief that they are bringing to many discouraged and despairing ones."

C. W. Young, D. O.

The Los Angeles clinic was the fifth of the series and, like all the others, the worthy deaf poor congregated hours before the clinic was scheduled, and waited patiently, and each hoped that his case would be one which would be found favorable for immediate restoration of hearing by reconstruction of the Eustachian tubes.

By the time the doctors had arrived and the clinic was under way, there were assembled from one to two thousand deaf cases. Eliminating tests were made and those unfit for clinical demonstration were given slips explaining this to them—for the great majority of the cases were totally, or extremely deaf and could not even hear an explanation.

The cases assigned for the clinic were examined by Dr. Muncie and his assistants, then the hearing was carefully measured, often by invitation of anybody from the audience. Five measured tests were made by five different instruments, and the distance they could be heard by each patient was recorded. Twenty minutes after each patient was operated upon the hearing was again tested and measured, and compared with the measurements before the operation.

Of the 162 cases that Dr. Muncie operated at this series of clinics, there was not one whose hearing was not greatly benefited—and many cases had their hearing restored to normal. No patient was accepted that had not previously had treatment from six or more regular ear specialists and been given up as hopeless. This result at once proved to all those present that this Muncie Reconstruction Method surpassed the traditional method of inflation and therefore was revolutionizing the treatment of deafness.

At the close of the Los Angeles clinic an elderly and scholarly looking medical specialist asked for a private consultation with Dr. Muncie. He is well known to all of the old school of the Coast—for he was an early settler in California and a pioneer in ear, nose and throat surgery. "I came here as an investigator of your work," he spoke slowly and forcefully to Dr. Muncie, "I came doubting, but leave believing. Condemnation before investigation is the rule with my profession, but my rule is to withhold my decision until after a scientific investigation. You are doing a marvelous work—your results are remarkable. I believe your work is revolutionary. May I persuade you to examine one of my patients to determine if your method will benefit him?"

The world is full of honest doctors—real physicians with their hearts and souls awake to any scientific progress of value to humanity. Many members of the osteopathic profession were also present—for physicians and surgeons of all schools are always invited to the Muncie Clinics. Dr. R. H. Williams, an osteopath physician of Glendale, California, wrote the following account that appeared in *The Osteopath* for March:

"On Wednesday, January 11, 1928, Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, the famous Brooklyn aurist, held his forty-first free clinic at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

"A thousand or more patients applied for treatment and the corridors of the hotel became so congested it was practically



"Above, is a part of the line of persons who waited in the corridors of the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, California, hoping they would be selected for treatment by Dr. Curtis H. Muncie. Below, Dr. Muncie demonstrating"

(From Los Angeles Record)

treatment for several weeks to several months in order to mould and build up the Eustachian tubes until such a time as they become healthy and normal, and remain open.

In order to do the greatest amount of good in the shortest time it was decided to conduct clinics in rapid succession during the year 1928 instead of a clinic now and then throughout the year, so eight clinics were given across the continent and back again, covering a period of a month in the following cities: Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, Tampa and West Palm Beach.

The details of enthusiasm on the part of those whose hearing was restored; the many scenes of pathos of those whose deafness was too far advanced to be helped at all, or to be benefited without post-operative treatment; the skeptic coming to scoff, but leaving to praise; the real scientists, open-minded, seeking and finding a great truth and appropriating it for the good of humanity,—all such

impossible to pass. Scores of doctors who got in late were not able to get to the treatment room, but about fifty doctors who got in on time witnessed the work, and all of them stayed the entire afternoon.

"Some of the results were spectacular. One woman who could hear but two feet away before the treatment could hear sixty-five feet away after the treatment, and these tests were given her by a committee of disinterested osteopathic physicians."

Dr. C. C. Reid, of Denver, Colorado, himself a well-known ear specialist, wrote the following regarding the clinic held in that city: "The Colorado Osteopathic Association had their mid-year meeting January second and third. Dr. Curtis H. Muncie of New York held a special clinic for two days examining and treating deafness continuously. About sixty doctors were in attendance. They were all very much interested in seeing Dr. Muncie demonstrate his work. About five hundred patients appeared the first day—from those who were stone deaf, deaf mutes, nerve deafness, otosclerosis, catarrhal deafness, with all their complications. Dr. Muncie, stopping for but a short time, was very careful to select for his clinics only those cases that could be helped by a moderate operation on the Eustachian tubes. Every patient that he demonstrated his work on testified as to their benefit at the time. He does show conclusively by his methods that immediate benefit can be done on properly selected cases."

So much for the calculating, scientific observer. After everything is said and done and the scientific research, calculation, philosophy and deductions are ended, the big question that has to be answered is: "What does the deaf patient think about it?" Dr. Taber answers this by telling of some incidents with a real heart interest:

"The press has accurately reported this phase and shall tell its story later, but much happened of human interest which escaped the press and left each of us with a sense of deep satisfaction, as the reward of our labors, —our service to humanity was so much appreciated!

"I had just concluded my work of the day at the San Francisco clinic, having given eliminating tests to over twelve hundred deaf cases who had jammed the spacious halls of the Hotel St. Francis. I went into the surgery expecting that Dr. Muncie and his assistant were through, for it was then 7 P. M. This is what I saw: There were about eighty doctors, most of whom had been present all day—still eagerly watching the last operation. The patient was on the table and nitrous oxide and oxygen were being administered. 'I shall first reconstruct the left Eustachian tube, which is prolapsed,' said Dr. Muncie, as he quickly pulled off his sterile rubber gloves, which up to this time served the purpose of keeping his valuable operative fingers surgically clean. In a few short minutes the patient was again awake—awake to a newness of life, for had not a new world of sound been re-opened to her? Let us see.

"Ten minutes elapsed, during which time the surgeon made a few parting remarks in closing, to his then very appreciative audience, then 'Please bring in the last patient and we will test her hearing.'

"The patient entered with a radiant ex-

pression. 'Doctor, may I say a word?' 'Certainly,' he replied. 'I have a confession to make. I stole in here,' said the patient. 'I had waited for my chance for Dr. Muncie to restore my hearing ever since I first read of his wonderful work in *McClure's Magazine* in May, 1925. (She held up a worn magazine she had treasured.) 'Later I read of his clinic in Miami last year in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and still later, the paper last night told of this clinic. I said to myself and family, "Look, God has answered my prayer." I couldn't afford to go to Brooklyn to see Dr. Muncie, but he is holding a clinic here in San



Dr. Muncie about to perform his operation of reconstruction of the Eustachian tubes for restoration of hearing at his recent clinic at the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital, Denver. He removes his surgical gloves just before operating so that his sense of touch may be the keenest. Mrs. Ada B. Hicks, his assistant, is administering the light anaesthetic

Francisco tomorrow. I had waited since six o'clock this morning, believing I should be accepted at this clinic, and to my dismay and disappointment one of Dr. Muncie's assistants gave me a test outside and said my case was too far advanced for clinical attention and would not let me in.

"I turned back disheartened, for I knew if only Dr. Muncie would see me, he could help me. I felt sure of this. My friend who was with me is thin and tall (the patient was very fat and short), but we exchanged coats and hats, and when a doctor went in I slid in unnoticed and I persuaded Mrs. Hicks to ask Dr. Muncie to examine me. I traveled all night to get here, too."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—I first heard of Dr. Muncie's treatment for the deaf several years ago through the reports of his European clinics. Last winter I had an opportunity of investigating his work and writing up the results of his Miami Clinic and again, two months later, another Muncie Clinic held under the auspices of the Florida State Osteopathic Association where his work was featured.

Since this time Mrs. Chapelle and I have met Dr. Muncie in his office, both socially and professionally, and realizing the wonderful work that his method is accomplishing for the deaf, take every opportunity to spread the good news in the interests of humanity—especially because I know whereof his work is valuable through my personal experience.

It is not out of interest in Dr. Muncie that this second article appears in the NATIONAL, but because of the interest we believe the deafened world will have in hearing of this good piece of news of scientific achievement.

Her story was a fitting climax to a very successful clinical demonstration and though merely a reiteration of the saying that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," for all the patients had that day come with a flicker of hope and left with hearing—yet this woman's hope was substantiated by so much faith that it came as a sort of benediction on us all. Her hearing meant so much to her—her bread and butter—her very life and soul.

And it was restored, not perfectly—she was too deaf for this, but to normal conversational hearing, which she still retains from the last reports.

Another remarkable case was that of a well-known evangelist who had been deaf for years and given up as hopeless. He was forty-three years of age and facing a blasted career and total deafness. "I first heard of your work when you were in London in 1922. I read of your European clinics and great success, but was advised by my ear specialist that you were a faker. I learned later that he did not even take the trouble to investigate your method, but was hasty to condemn it, just because all deafness was considered incurable, therefore anybody who says he can help it must be a fake.

"I figured that no method could be of less use than the regular method of inflation, for I had lost my hearing in spite of or because of it. I later learned of the two of my friends you had wonderfully helped. I was in Kansas City all day trying to get into your clinic, but could not get through the crowds, so followed you here to Denver."

"Your case is too far advanced for clinical operation. You will need after-treatment for four to six months, but your hearing can be helped," said Dr. Muncie after examining him. The patient agreed to come East for after-treatment, so Dr. Muncie operated and restored a remarkable degree of hearing immediately. After the operation the patient rested in a waiting room for half an hour before being re-examined, and the hearing re-tested. When he returned his face was aglow. He had made some discoveries regarding his hearing himself. "I have been able to hear everything you have said while I've been waiting. I can hear voices, whistles, and noises I haven't heard for years." At that moment a newspaper reporter whispered across the room "You can't hear me." "Sure I can hear you" replied the once deaf man, to the surprise of all. It was such a happy surprise—the sixty doctors seated in this amphitheatre of the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital to study these operations broke out in a hearty applause. Tests were then made which substantiated the fact that a great gain in the hearing had been established by reconstructing these prolapsed Eustachian tubes—opening the doors to sound!

Dr. Muncie was not satisfied with one full day's work of restoring hearing to twenty-eight persons. He felt that if his work stopped here there would be those Doubting Thomases who might say, "Very fine immediate results, but what about tomorrow and a month from now?" So all the cases reported for re-examination the next day, and all were hearing better than after the operation, and each desired to tell of his experience and gratitude, but time would not permit. However, when our evangelist patient came

Continued on page 425

Famed as Commander of the "Leviathan"

The retirement of Commander Hartley from the bridge of the Leviathan recalls the record of the queen ship establishing a real prestige for the American Merchant Marine in the European Service

ENDING the eight hundred and sixtieth crossing of the North Atlantic, Commodore Herbert Hartley gave up command of the *Leviathan* to enter business on shore. His break with the sea only lasted two days. Instead of becoming a business man, he again associated himself with maritime affairs by joining the Transoceanic Corporation of the United States to take charge of recruiting its personnel for the four-day trans-Atlantic ships it proposes to build and operate.

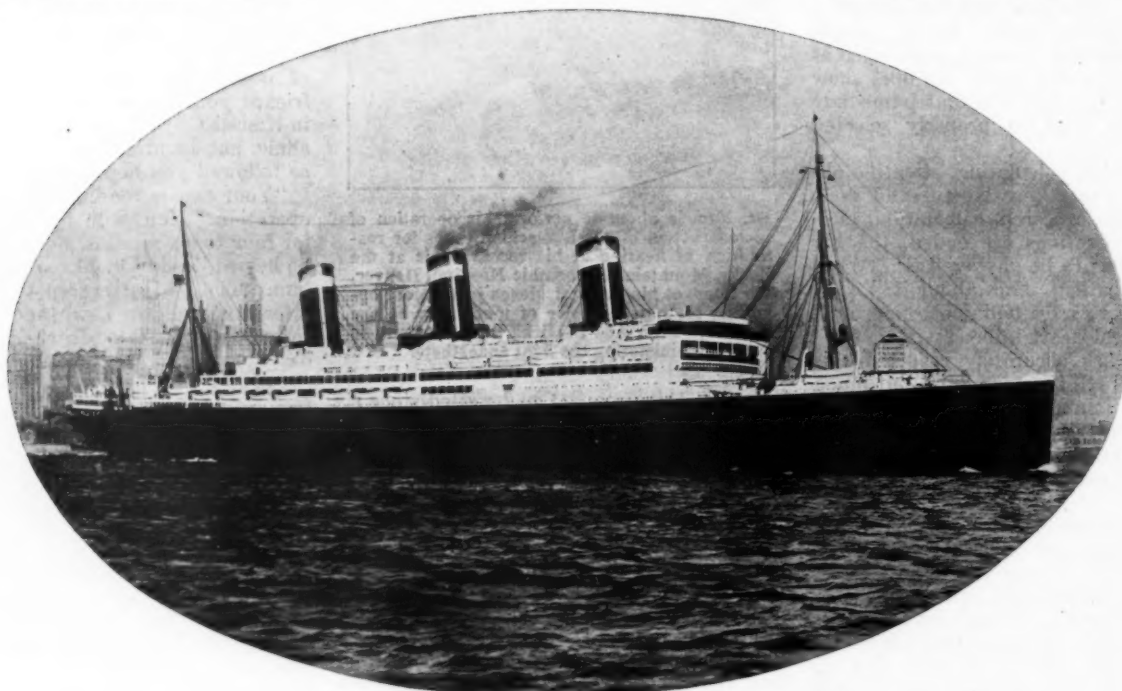
Commodore Hartley sailed out of the Delaware River thirty-five years ago as a cadet aboard the training ship *Saratoga*. By a co-

Commander and had several encounters with submarines. On one occasion a submarine rose about two miles away. Its gun went into action against Commodore Hartley's ship almost before it was above the surface of the ocean. Commodore Hartley swung his vessel away from the submarine as his stern gun opened fire. He steered a zigzag course while trying to outrun the pursuing U-boat. Several shells fell abreast of the funnels which would have plunged into the engine-room if the ship had not by good chance changed its course an instant earlier. This battle continued for about forty min-

utes before the merchant ship outdistanced the submarine.

statesmen and captains of industry beyond count. He was appointed Commodore of all the merchant fleet of the United States Lines, the rank being revived for his benefit after having been dropped from naval usage many years ago.

Commodore Hartley is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, the highest decoration in the gift of the French Government, and is the wearer also of numerous other foreign decorations conferred on him for his brilliant record as commander of troop ships during the war. His overseas career has carried him a distance of 2,500,000 miles, equivalent to five round trips to the moon.



U. S. S. Leviathan

incidence, the company which he has now joined has just completed a new *Saratoga*, the Navy's great airplane carrier. As Commodore Hartley said at a luncheon in his honor, given by his townsmen in Philadelphia, "I left you at five knots an hour, and I come back to you at thirty-five knots an hour."

War work on the sea first brought him international prominence. He was Commander of the *St Louis*, the first armed merchantman to go out under the American flag, in response to the German declaration of submarine warfare. His departure from New York was the beginning of America's armed neutrality.

He took his ship back and forth through the war zone more often than any other

Commodore Hartley became the most conspicuous of merchant marine commanders.

At the close of the war, Commander Hartley was selected to command the *Leviathan*, the former German ship *Vaterland*, which the United States had seized in New York harbor at the opening of the war and which, converted as a transport, had carried several hundred thousand American soldiers to France and back. By taking command of this ship, Commodore Hartley became the most conspicuous of merchant marine commanders.

His distinguished passengers included Queen Marie of Roumania, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the ruling Prince of Arabia, and

All this he thought he had left behind when he resigned from the service of the United States Lines. His home is a beautiful estate in Alabama. He wanted to live on it with his wife and children, but only two days after quitting the sea, as he believed, he returned to it as an executive of the Transoceanic Corporation. The appeal of this company's project to build six passenger ships of great size and luxury and of a speed at least nine knots faster than that of any commercial ship now afloat, proved irresistible and woke again his love of the sea.

He associated himself, therefore, with this new enterprise, which will mark the beginning of America's return to her rightful place as an aggressive and efficient competitor for

Continued on page 420

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Miami's Successful Civic Theater

What has been accomplished in the magic city of Florida is but a forerunner of successes that are following the well organized civic theater activities in scores of other cities and towns throughout the country

'Editor's Note.—This is the first of a series of articles to be written for this magazine by Mrs. Addison Hall, who has made comprehensive study of Civic and Little Theaters over the country and wrote articles mentioned for two years for the Daily News during the organization period of the Miami Civic Theater. Mrs. Hall will answer questions about formation of such an organization in your town, giving suggestions that are entirely practical and easy to carry out. Address letters to Mrs. Addison Hall, care Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Attic, Waldorf-Astoria, New York City.

QUITE modestly the Miami Civic Theater stepped into being during the epoch-making days of 1925.

For a good many years previous to that there had been amateur plays, "unforgettable ones," says Marjorie Stoneman Douglas, well-known magazine writer, who was in some of the casts, and talks wittily of one performance in the old Central School auditorium with shaky scenery and delightful naivete of actors who, if the proverbial revolver failed to go off, brained victims with flourish and presence of mind of the true stage villain.

Ruth Bryan Owen also gives amusing accounts of plays in which she had parts and one in which her mother, Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, played the lead, and the Great

English folks; Edgar Hay, writer and actor; S. Pierre Robineau, attorney, of Harvard '47 under George Pierce Baker; Kate Ellis Wise, dramatic teacher, Alice Horine Wallace, Agnes Craven Parrish and other Miamians, have

tion, drew attractive plans for a bit of a playhouse in plain board and batten style, white-washed in old Florida fashion. This little building was a bright dream not realized, but it gave encouragement and later the university was able to offer a complete workshop and stage with direction of Howard Southgate, "right hand man" of Thomas Wood Stevens of Chicago, formerly of Carnegie Tech.

The plea that went forth in the first *Daily News* article was this: "Where in all the world could be found a more appropriate setting for a Civic Theater than the city of Miami? Like a great stage, the city has drawn the eyes of the world to itself. Light and shade of life in all dramatic phases! People of all kinds and tongues treading its thoroughfares make it a vast spectacle of constantly varying interest. There is the vista of bay and ocean and sea craft, stirring imagination and livening the pulses of even the most practically-minded. Profusion of color is there—Biscayne blue, gold, mandarin, Kasha and Day-break—that alluringly lovely breath of a shade.

"What scenic artist could desire more for inspiration? Why should it not produce colorists like Leon Bakst and Carl Marx, and give the city stylists such as Robert Edmond Jones, and create flashing love of color after



Henry Salem Hubbell, noted portrait painter, first Miami Civic Theater President

their word to say about plays given in the days when Miami was a magic city of unhurried loveliness.

The first meeting of a group of lovers of the drama, who were the charter members of the Miami Civic theater, was held in the library of the *Miami Daily News*, which had visioned its hopes for the formation of the organization in a series of articles begun in the paper the first Sunday in October, 1925. Hal Leyshon, Sunday editor, outlined purpose and scope of work of the organization, and William V. Little was chosen as temporary chairman. Miss Mary B. Merritt, head of the English department of Miami High School, now on the faculty of the University of Miami; Coulter De Klyn, who made quite a reputation for himself later in the Civic Theater production of "Dear Brutus," and others joined in round table discussion. Interest of George E. Merriek, founder of Coral Gables, was enlisted at once and Mrs. Owen, vice-president of the university, represented the university, which stated that it was ready to co-operate with the movement.

Miss Bertha Foster, head of the musical department of the university, Frederic Zeigen, managing regent, expressed active interest and in November Phineas Paist, supervising architect of the Coral Gables Corpora-



Daniel Frohman, internationally famous producer, has selected and supervised production of the February plays of the Miami Civic Theater

Commoner, her father, came in with a group of flower-buttonholed friends and filed into the "bald-headed row." Mrs. William V. Little, noted Shakespearian actress, and Mr. Little, both patrons of the arts, have records of these plays that "teetered" dramatically, as well as Shakespearean plays and outdoor idylls beautifully done. Mrs. Harriet Sharman and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sharman,



Don Butler, Miami Civic Theater "find"

the manner of Joseph Urban and Lee Simonson?

"Miami is as a city set on a hill. She has made her place and come to the day when serenity shall take the place of fevered activity. Men have performed great engineering projects for her with zeal of the pioneer and skill of most advanced modern thought. Money and business genius have been thrown into the building of the city as the great Czar of old threw battalion after battalion across

the gap that retarded his progress. One battalion tramped to victory over the viaduct of those who had given their lives for the victory. Just so Miami of today has been given a great heritage. Its people stand world high on the peaks of success, and the day is coming when commercialism will be but a part of the life of the people. Its arts are to be thought of and real visioning of a great art gallery and recreational and musical center. In this carefully planned recreational center stands the Civic Theater. And widening out the circle, neighborhood Civic Theaters."

"A successful city concerns itself with the problem of leisure," says someone. "The use of a nation's leisure is the test of its civilization." The Civic Theater, the article points out, utilizes leisure to advantage, uniting old and young, artist and craftsman, dilettante and worker in a common interest bound to create stimulating points of view. "To Miami, city set on a hill," is said in conclusion, "comes opportunity to create a Civic Theater. It will add distinction, as it has done in New Orleans and other cities, and there'll be a whole community chest of pleasure in it. And while it may not produce a Shakespeare, it can at least hope for a John Drinkwater or a Eugene O'Neill to emerge from its dramatic workshop."

In May, 1926, after the first group of plays was produced in the Central School auditorium (a new one grown old again, so rapidly has the city grown), Henry Salem Hubbell noted portrait painter with keen interest in drama in this country and on the continent, was elected president. Intense interest was aroused by this premiere group of plays, especially in "The Slave with Two Faces" by Carolyn Davies. Leading parts were played by Rachel Jane Hamilton, Miami's prima donna, who is also well known in New York; Agnes Craven (Parrish), amateur professional who later filled Chautauqua engagements in plays; and Demetrius Vilan, who this winter came back to Miami with artistic parts in productions of the Denishawn dancers. Winifred Kates James, pageant director of

the White Temple Church, who is well known as a director of plays, pageants and light operas, directed this play, as Mr. Southgate did not come until the following fall. Frederick Gaus, well-known scenic artist, contributed his time as stage manager. Later Denman Fink of Coral Gables contributed his time and talent.

So the young organization with interest of artists, musicians, business and professional

but chose the plays for February production this year, supervised the casting, rehearsal, and came "in person" to the presentation. Mrs. James is now president.

What Miami has done can be done in every city and town, and whatsoever the town or city that has not already given itself the gift of a Civic Theater (about five hundred have done so) has pleasure and profit stored up for itself.



Scene from "The Mirage," one of the second group of plays produced, directed by Winifred Kates James. Left to right, Mrs. Willard Hubbell, A. R. Nicholson and Mrs. William H. Hawkins

people, made its bow and has become a part of the city's especial interest, with rapidly mounting success that has been highly stimulated by active support of Daniel Frohman, internationally famous producer, who in vacation time in the Southland, has not only encouraged dramatic activity by giving a Daniel Frohman cup for a Little Theater tournament, won by the organization with "The Valiant," directed by Mr. Southgate,

The way to start one is to begin doing it now.

The Miami organization has a "find" in Don Butler, talented young man, who played leading parts so well that he has been made a member of the east of the Miami Beach Garden Theater Players, a group of New York players, directed by Frank McCoy.

Perhaps your town has similar talent, creative ability that should have its chance.

What has Happened in Corpus Christi *Continued from page 396*

financial despondency, worked with his city when its Mayor was refused credit for official business for the price of a sixty-cent telegram, and kept on working until the *Saturday Evening Post* editorially proclaimed Jacksonville to be the Model City in America.

But Greenbaum and Welch have both worked themselves into better paying jobs. This, then, leaves Ralph Bradford to contend for leadership.

What I have written about Corpus Christi and the able, hard-working manager of its Chamber of Commerce was neither written for the purpose of boosting Corpus Christi, nor Ralph Bradford. It was written for the lessons that that Texas city and that far-sighted manager have to teach to hundreds of other towns and managers of Chambers of Commerce in both this country and in Canada.

There are hopes for any town, city or coun-

try district, no matter how large or how small, where the merchants, manufacturers, professional men and women realize that they have a big job on their hands and are willing to work, to study, to listen and learn, then plan, organize, co-operate and—work a lot more!

If I can have the backing of a half dozen real men and women who are willing to do this, then I feel there is a fighting chance for victory. No town, city, or rural district has one hundred per cent in real workers, but poor indeed is that place that can't get a few together who can organize and lead the potential workers. And when this is done, the masses are eager to lend a hand.

The important lesson that we find in this entire story is probably this one: In each of the cases cited, the men who became such outstanding successes made their own opportunities; they picked out places where there was a world of work to be done; they began at the bottom and by their zeal they fanned

the flames of community pride to a healthful blaze.

Cities, towns and rural districts that have received the most permanent benefits from the campaigns that I have observed or in which I have taken a part have been those whose citizens worked hardest, longest, and most intelligently to build up what they are now enjoying.

Famed as Commander of the "Leviathan" *Continued from page 418*

the ocean-borne cargoes of the world. If the Transoceanic Corporation's project goes no further than the establishment of a fast service for passengers, express cargo and mail three times each week across the North Atlantic, it is expected that the successful inauguration of such a new American service will stimulate the entire American merchant Marine and result in the launching, before long, of equally modern and equivalently swift ships for freight.

Blending International Art with Business

An innovation in modern merchandising policies made by Jordan Marsh Company of Boston in holding an International Art Exhibit commended by artist and popular with the people

FEATURING an International Exposition of Art in Trade which embraced nearly every department in the store Jordan Marsh Company, Boston's largest department store, marked a new era in merchandising. Educational in its scope, it met with wholehearted response from the public of New England which attended by the thousands daily was commented upon most enthusiastically.



Edward R. Mitton, director Jordan Marsh Company and original sponsor of the International Exposition of Art in Trade conducted by Jordan Marsh Company

Planned on a very large and comprehensive scale, the Exposition was formally opened at a luncheon at the Copley Plaza Hotel on Monday, March 5, with no less personages than Governor Alvin T. Fuller of Massachusetts, Paul J. Sachs, associate director of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard and Edward R. Mitton, director in Jordan Marsh Company, and the original sponsor of this modern art exhibit as the speakers.

Men and women interested in art as it touches every day life and many heads of large business interests were the guests as well as the advisory committee of twenty members who co-operated to make the enterprise an educational success.

Features of this great art in trade events included an exhibition of 200 modern French paintings and about a dozen pieces of sculpture. These represented the best from the last Salon d'Automne Exhibition in Paris. The fact that this was the first

time that any considerable number of them had been shown in this country and that they had been loaned under the patronage of the Association Francaise d'Exposition and d'Echange Artistique caused more than local comment and attention.

Rooms were furnished in the modern manner by French and American designers and many exhibits of modern art from distant lands as they touch upon furnishings and decorations in the home were shown.

Beside the special features, the modern art idea was linked up with nearly every department in the store, running on the one side from the drawing room to the kitchen with the bath room included and on the other from the newest French hat to the daintiest of French evening slippers. Fabrics were in the process of making in the

Art and industry have always lived on far removed streets in the world. Today they are neighbors. Art has come out of the museums and has cast its influence on the simplest commonplace objects in use today. Everyone is familiar with the enormous aesthetic influence that has been felt in the motor industry; but few appreciate the beautifying touch that has turned kitchen utensils, door knobs, flower pots and the most humdrum furnishings into things of beauty.

* * *

It was not necessary to stress the importance of such an exposition in New England and it is believed that art lovers from all along the Atlantic Coast will avail themselves of this experience.

Tapestries from the Gobelins, Beauvais and Aubusson were exhibited under a spe-



"On the Borders of the River Long," by Gaston Balande, one of the notable pictures from the Salon d'Automne of Paris, exhibited by Jordan Marsh Company in their International Exposition of Art in Trade

yard goods departments and pretty models showed the gowns these materials make.

An added interest which drew the women folk like a magnet was the program of lectures on modern art subjects as they touch the home. These were given three days a week in the great assembly hall of the store by men and women who are authorities in their subjects. The exposition continued three weeks with a change in program and new events every day.

cial dispensation from the French government.

Choice china from the French National factories at Sevres, glassware from the leading glassmakers of France, rare silks from Lyons, the famous wrought iron work of Paul Kiss and Edgar Brandt, the leading furniture designers representing the classical antique and modern influences, pewter, mirrors, lamps, sculpture, bookbinding, modern and ancient, Oriental art, these

are all part of the exhibitions which will be placed throughout the entire store.

A gallery of travel posters showing the immense artistic progress which the romance of travel has produced has been collected from all over the world. This is an absolutely unique exhibition and will arouse

are suggested in these posters. The modernity of steamship, railroad, airplane and motor transportation are all graphically depicted in these remarkable works.

A synopsis of the decorative arts was concretely shown in the suite of rooms on the sixth floor. A Florentine dining room

of Art co-operated in preparing these costumes.

The possibilities of these heretofore uninteresting rooms, the bathroom and kitchen, have greatly broadened since Art has come to live in them. Color, of which American people have been notoriously shy, now is the honored guest in the American home.

This International Exposition is probably one of the most ambitious attempts ever made and the people of New England consider it one of the most worth while events that has occurred in the eventful city of Boston.

The advisory committee which worked so enthusiastically with Jordan Marsh Company to make this Exposition a success is comprised of the following people: W. T. Aldrich, Pres. Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston; Richard F. Bach, Associate in Industrial Arts, Metropolitan Museum, New York; Henry Hunt Clark, Director of Design, Museum School, Boston Museum of Fine Arts; T. Jefferson Coolidge, Pres. Boston Museum of Fine Arts; George H. Edgell, Dean of the Faculty of Architecture, Harvard University; William Emerson, A.B., Head of the School of Architecture, Mass. Institute of Technology; Royal B. Farnum, Prin. Mass. School of Arts; William Ames Fisher, Vice-Pres. Boston Art Club; Edward Forbes, Director of William Hayes Fogg Art Museum; Vesper George, Director, Vesper George School of Art; Walter Kilham, Chairman, Committee of Civic and Industrial Art, Chamber of Commerce, Boston; H. P. Macomber, Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston; Harley Perkins, Art Editor, Boston Transcript; Miss Ethel Power, Editor House Beautiful; Prof. Chas. R. Richards, Director Industrial Art, General Education Board, New York City; Miss Grace W. Ripley, Costume Designer; Hubert Ripley, Pres. Boston Society of Architects; Paul Sachs, Associate Director of William Hays Fogg Art Museum; Walter H. Siple, Assistant to the Directors of the William Hays Fogg Art Museum; Henry D. Sleeper, Interior Decorator.



The Italian Screen painted by Drian, the great Paris Mural Painter and etcher, which formed the background in the window display of Jordan Marsh Company featuring their International Exposition of Art in Trade

everyone to the tremendous artistic force which is abroad in commerce. The extent of these posters will enable people—even those not particularly gifted with imaginative minds—to travel all over the world in an afternoon at Jordan's, Sunny Italy, moonlit Spain, fog wrapped London, the dikes of Holland, Africa and the Orient, all

and sitting room, Venetian bed room and boudoir, a Flemish dining room, a French Rustic dining room, are features of this part of the Exposition.

Throughout the store peasant costumes were worn by living models representing the apparel of most of the countries of Europe, Asia and Africa. The Massachusetts School

Donn Byrne and His New Book

Continued from page 399

of the Gaelic Erse whereas, in my case, my natural *brogue* enables me to speak it with its peculiarly broad pronunciation and accuracy of accentuation, for it is admirably adapted for the brogue or rather the brogue is well adapted to it.

In his latest romance, just off the presses of the well-known firm of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, Byrne well sustains his splendid reputation as a word-painter. The book is another masterpiece, one which, I prophesy, will keep the tongues of the critics a-wagging for many a day to come and drive their pens to fill the book-reviews with eulogiums. For beauty of diction and rhetorical turn of phrase it eclipses all the author's previous works, with the possible exception of "Marco Polo." The subject matter, too, has strong appeal. As its title, "Crusade," indicates, it is a tale of gallantry and romance of the far-past days of knightly chivalry in which brave men and fair women play their parts. With breathless interest we follow the for-

tunes of the slashing Sir Miles O'Neill of the Royal Line of Ulster, a Line which produced the great "Red Hugh" and "Owen Roe," not to mention "Shane the Proud." Again Byrne links his beloved Ireland to the Holy Land. Sir Miles is one of the Knights Templars, the religious order, organized for the purpose of guarding and defending the Holy Sepulchre. The Templars, so called because they had their headquarters in the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, were conquered and routed by the savage Saracens. O'Neill was captured, but finally made his way back to Jerusalem, where he incurs the enmity of the Grand Master of the Templars. Thereby hangs the story which Byrne has constructed with master workmanship. There are thrills a-plenty of love and valor to satisfy the most romantic and the most daring. Indeed in many places the story throbs with emotion.

I have said Byrne is worthy of Ireland as the *Insula Doctorum*—the Island of Scholars; he is also worthy of Ireland as the *Insula*

Sanctorum—the Island of Saints. He is not a saint in the literal acceptance of the word—far from it. But he is pure in heart and deed as well as a purist in language. He has lived a life as clean as a hound's tooth, as stainless as the snow-cap on the head of old Slieve Donard, the monarch of the Mourne Mountains in his own County Down. In short, Byrne is a fine specimen of virile, strong, clean Irish manhood.

Friend! my thoughts go out to you tonight—in Memory's light I see your face. Maybe now and then you think of me—think of the man who "taught you how to write,"—the man who introduced you to the world of literature, a world which you have both enriched and adorned. But whether you think of me or not, I say

"May the skies be bright above thee,
Friend of my better days,—
None knows thee but to love thee,
None names thee but to praise."

For Vice-President on the G.O.P. Ticket

A strong movement for the nomination of Representative John Q. Tilson, Republican floor Leader, as Vice-President on the Republican ticket at Kansas City—Enthusiastic supporters from his native state of Tennessee and other sections of the country

SINCE Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge succeeded to the Presidency, having first been elected as Vice President, the country has congratulated itself upon its good fortune in these two happy selections; and it has been brought to the realization that more attention should be paid to the selection of a candidate for Vice President than has heretofore been given to it, and not to depend upon good fortune working out our salvation as in the cases referred to.

Previous to any national convention, great consideration is given by the public with reference to the selection of the candidates for the presidency in the two major parties, but very little has been said and very little public consideration has been given to the qualifications and fitness of the candidates for vice president. There are a number of splendid men in the offing who might with dignity and ability become the presiding officer of the Senate and who, in the event of great misfortune, could with distinction and ability fill the office of President.

The career of John Q. Tilson, of New Haven, as Representative from the third Congressional district of Connecticut, and as Majority Leader of the House, entitles him to serious consideration as a vice presidential candidate on the Republican party's ticket. Aside from his long congressional experience, the history of his steady rise to power and influence as the majority leader in the House of Representatives has a human interest appeal that makes great weight in selecting a running mate for the head of the ticket. Tilson was born and reared on a farm in East Tennessee, that restricted section of the state of Tennessee that sent thirty thousand soldiers into the Union army and placed Andrew Johnson on the ticket as the running mate with Lincoln, and which section since the war has been strongly Republican in its political preferences.

Tilson's father was a farmer, and raised his sons to a life of diligence in tilling the red hills of east Tennessee during the seasonable months, and sent them to the log schoolhouse for the short term of winter schooling. Tilson's father and mother were of the rugged type of the better class of farmers who had character and native intelligence. There was little in his surroundings as a boy which seemed prophetic of his later success, except a home atmosphere of honesty, high ideals, and hard work. The Tilson home was a log cabin home, but could hardly be referred to as the type of cabin which sheltered Lincoln, "the rail splitter." It was a com-

fortable home, as homes went in that section in that day. There were no hotels, inns, or taverns for many miles near the big, log house of the Tilsons, which was the most comfortable lodging place in the neighborhood, and consequently it often served as the stopping place of itinerant

After a short session at Carson and Newman College in Tennessee, he determined that he would advance to one of the big eastern universities, to finish his education, and he selected Yale University. With barely sufficient money to make the trip north, the young mountaineer bade



HON. JOHN Q. TILSON
Member of Congress from Connecticut
Republican Floor Leader House Representatives

preachers, candidates for public office, lawyers traveling the circuit, and other public men. This circumstance proved to be of the greatest importance in young Tilson's life, for he had the privilege of hearing at his father's fireside some of the most distinguished men that Tennessee has produced. The present Congressman was first imbued with the ambition to educate himself when he listened to the conversation of these men stopping as guests at his father's house.

farewell to his native state and in a short time was a full-fledged student at Yale University. He worked his way through the university. Having completed his academic course and three years more at Yale law school, he was then faced with the momentous question as to whether he should stay in New Haven or return to east Tennessee. He had come to like the Yankees during his six years in New Haven and the chances for success there seemed to be brighter than at home, and

he determined to hang out his shingle in New Haven and adopt that city as his home. Most young lawyers look forward to the first few years of practice with fear and trembling, but self-reliance had become a habit with young Tilson and he plunged into practice without trepidation. He soon made his place at the bar in New Haven, just as he had distinguished himself in his collegiate course. But his progress in the law was briefly interrupted in 1898 when war was declared against Spain. He was then a member of the New Haven Grays, in the old Second Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, but his regiment was not called into service. When he ascertained that his Connecticut regiment was not scheduled to go to the front, his thoughts naturally turned to his native state, and he returned there to join the Sixth Tennessee Immunes as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He served until the end of the Spanish-American War and then returned to New Haven, but his taste for military life had given him a liking for it and upon arriving back at New Haven he re-enlisted in the National Guard and remained a member for nineteen years, going through all the various grades to Lieutenant-Colonel, in which rank he commanded the Second Connecticut Infantry in 1916 at the Mexican Border.

His taste for the military also tinged his later actions in Congress, and when first elected he managed to gain membership on the Committee on Military Affairs and remained on that committee through the World War. His military experience, which had been augmented by wide reading on military subjects, made him one of the most important members of the military committee from the start, and during the War he came to be considered the ordnance expert of Congress, making numerous speeches which served to keep the Congress informed of the Army's needs in the way of ordnance material and the necessity for ample funds for improvement and experimentation. His speeches on ordnance were ordered bound in a House document by a vote of the House.

One of the most important works accomplished by Tilson during his long legislative experience, and yet one little known, was his advocacy of a policy of national defense which has been adopted by the War Department and by Congress, under which the Government keeps its hand on a supply of gauges and special tools with the aid of which factories now engaged in varied lines of industry may, at short notice, be transformed into munition plants.

Although Tilson came from the south, his family were Republicans. Having established himself in the law practice in New Haven, he threw himself into politics in his adopted city and in 1904 was elected as a representative in the State legislature. He was re-elected in 1906 and in that session was chosen speaker of the state House of Representatives, an unusual distinction for a member serving his second term. In the fall of 1908 he gave another proof of the popularity he had gained throughout the state, by winning the nomination for congressman at large in opposition to the

wishes of the state organization. After having served four years as congressman at large from Connecticut, the state was redistricted and Tilson found himself in the same district, the third, with Congressman Thomas L. Reilly, who had been a Democratic member of the House for two years. Tilson ran against him in 1912, the year of the split between Taft and Roosevelt, and was defeated, as were all other republican candidates in Connecticut. He ran against Reilly again in 1914 and this time defeated him by a narrow margin of five hundred votes, and since then he has been regularly elected every two years, his majority increasing from five hundred, the first time he defeated Reilly, to twenty-seven thousand in 1924, which was greater even than the Coolidge majority in his district.

During Representative Tilson's long service in the House, he has been a member of only two of the major standing committees, the Military Affairs Committee of which he was a member until 1919, and the Ways and Means Committee, on which he served from 1919 to the time he was chosen majority floor leader. As a member of the Committee on Way and Means he has stamped himself as a man of courage by his outspoken opposition to unfair taxation methods and proposals for class legislation which have come before Congress with apparent popular support. In 1922, when many good Republicans showed signs of panic at a seeming popular opposition to the Republican policy of protection, Tilson proved himself to be a protectionist to the core. He played an important part in framing the 1922 Tariff Act, which had a prompt effect in restoring prosperity after the hard times of 1920 and 1921, and was one of the leaders in the fight for rates high enough to actually protect American industry, in spite of the outcry raised by importers and those interested in foreign trade. Events of the past five years have justified, in the view of the Republicans, the stand he took for what seemed to be high rates at that time, but which are now recognized in many cases to be hardly sufficient to furnish protection.

In addition to his great work on military subjects, on taxation, and on the tariff, Tilson has devoted considerable time to other subjects, one of the most important of which is "standardization." He first became interested in this subject through its relation to national defense, but has followed it into other fields and is the father of the National Screw Thread Commission, which was established to standardize screw threads. This commission has already accomplished a work of incalculable value to American industry.

Another quiet activity in which Tilson engaged, which undoubtedly has had far-reaching effects, was the preparations of a pamphlet on the Constitution of the United States for the use of school-children. He came to the conclusion that one of the needs of the country was the education of the children as to what the Constitution means and stands for. He extended in the Congressional Record a brief explanation of the Constitution in language so simple that it could be understood without difficulty by an eighth-grade pupil. In order to make

sure that the language was sufficiently plain and simple, he went over it with his own ten-year old son and changed it where the boy had any trouble in understanding it. He then had the explanation printed at the Government printing office in pamphlet form and through school superintendents there were distributed a great many thousand copies to school-children for use as a textbook on the Constitution. Requests for the pamphlet were received from schools in practically every state in the Union.

As Majority Leader of the House, Tilson has shown great ability in managing and directing the party's legislative program. His record is outstanding amongst those great leaders who have filled this responsible and important position.

Tilson is an able parliamentarian. Since he first entered Congress he has been a frequent presiding officer and is now considered by many as the ablest parliamentarian in the House. His knowledge of the House rules and precedents is so complete that he has frequently during the past several years been selected to preside over the House in Committee of the Whole, when knotty questions of parliamentary procedure were expected to arise.

As chairman of the executive committee of the Republican National Congressional Committee, Tilson has had an important part in the national congressional campaigns for the past several years and at campaign time has usually spent more time in the National Congressional Committee office in New York than in his own district.

John Q. Tilson has always placed his party's good above his personal interests. A striking example of this was when five years ago he eliminated himself as a member of the Committee on Rules in order to placate the Wisconsin insurgents in his party who wished to have one of their number on the Rules Committee. This was before the Wisconsin members left the party and it was then hoped that by making this concession an open break could be prevented. Tilson's unselfishness in giving up his place on the powerful Rules Committee to Representative John M. Nelson, of Wisconsin, who later managed Senator LaFollette's campaign for president, brought about a temporary truce which made it possible for the Republicans to organize the House. The insurgents would otherwise have probably voted for the Democrats and permitted them to elect the speaker and place a Democratic majority on all the committees of the House, which would have seriously embarrassed the Republican administration. Tilson's ability and habit of hard work has made him one of the useful members of the House and, as floor leader, one of the most powerful men in the legislative branch of the Government. He is a staunch friend of President Coolidge and is called into frequent conferences in directing the legislative program of the administration. He is a plain, unassuming man, simple in his manner, direct in his method, intellectually honest in dealing with all the public questions that come before him. He is extremely popular in the House, both with the members of his own and the opposition party. He is strong with the people in his state and is consid-

Rupert Hughes Exploding Frailties

Continued from page 391

of the Civil War, was received with enthusiasm.

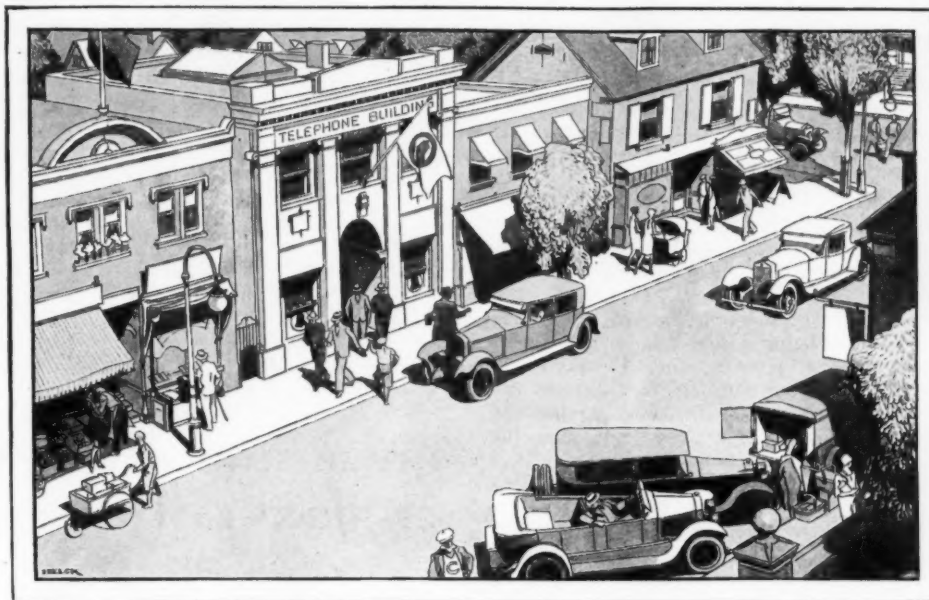
"I have a collection of over two thousand rejection slips which I have saved as zealously and carefully as cigarette coupons."

Rupert Hughes stands today as one of the most popular novelists in America, but he could not resist the lure of motion pictures and went far afield to Hollywood, where he dramatized "Tess, of the Storm Country." His farce, "Excuse Me," required no apologies for its success, and the late John Drew starred in his play "The Cat Bird."

Rupert Hughes is an irredeemable optimist and irreconcilable iconoclast concerning the historical traditions.

"I protest against this incessant talk of growing evils of our age. Read history and you will find that human nature is the same—development has lessened the evils in each succeeding age. We know more about evil. Records of crime and catastrophe are flashed on the screen—they constitute a large percentage of the contents of newspapers and conversation between people."

Major Rupert Hughes is planning to some day write a great historical novel, for he has the genius for research and knows how to fit in, like a mosaic, every detail of human life.



A home town enterprise backed by national experience

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Clinics for the Deaf

Continued from page 417

in, he reported relief from the head noises, better breathing through his nose, complete relief from the tight feeling in his ears and head, and wonderful hearing. He even could hear his soft-voiced father-in-law.

Dr. Muncie then said, "The Doctor has given his impression of what has been done for him. My tests have registered the improvement. Now let us hear from the man with the still, soft voice, his father-in-law." He gave a very graphic description of the event, stating that he had never been able to make his son-in-law hear, but that now he heard everything he said. Six weeks later the following telegram was received, which bears testimony to the permanency of the method. "Illness prevented Brooklyn trip in February. May I come middle of March? Happy over improved hearing. Know you will make it normal. Have had inquiries from over United States. Several papers with wide circulation carried accounts of my operation. Sorry impossible to come now. Will positively come in March."

Further treatment will give added improvement and insure the permanency of the work.

I have seen Dr. Muncie's files full of letters received from these grateful clinical cases and others, which he prizes highly, for they represent the fruits of his labors—the fulfillment of a dream, much research study and hard, ceaseless toil—to say nothing about perseverance in the face of opposition born of ignorance of his work, the kind of traditional condemnation that is without scientific reason, and suffered by all discoverers and trail blazers.

THE Bell System is a home town enterprise in operation so that each community may have service that suits its needs. It is a national enterprise in research, engineering and manufacture so that every telephone user may have the best that concentration and quantity production can achieve.

There are twenty-four operating companies devoting their energies to telephone problems throughout the United States—for example, the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company operating throughout Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota. It has 11,000 men and women—friends and neighbors of the other people in their towns—working to maintain in its



territory the best standards in telephony now known.

In New York, in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories, are 5000 persons, including scientists, engineers and consultants in management, engaged in inventing better apparatus and discovering better ways to do things.

The Northwestern Company with its 11,000 employees has the use of all that this group of 5000 in New York discover and perfect. Likewise the other twenty-three operating companies. They are regional organizations adapted to local conditions, but behind every telephone in city or hamlet is the national organization for the development of the telephone art.

The Passing of Chauncey Depew

Continued from page 397

"Right, and I expect to keep it up if the invitations continue, even as the fourteenth guest to break the superstition of an unlucky thirteen."

Gifted with wit and political insight, a finished and magnetic orator, who had played an important part in every presidential campaign during the past sixty-seven years, a personal friend of every president from Abraham Lincoln to Calvin C. Coolidge, Chauncey Depew had run the gamut of political preferment from member of legislature, secretary of state for New York, to the United States Senate.

On every occasion there is a new story laid in Peekskill, the town on the Hudson where he was born. If a census of the people in Peekskill mentioned in Chauncey Depew's stories were taken, it would have a population rivalling New York.

I left in the echo of his cheery laughter. "You know I planned and rode the first Century train, and I spoke at the unveiling of my own statue. That shows some speed in my own young life."

But he failed to make the century in life—lacking only six years of making the hundredth birthday goal.

The foregoing was an article that had to be changed after the news reached the admiring friends all over the world that Chauncey Depew had passed away.

Mr. Chubb's Classical Tuesdays

Continued from page 40

trite and time-worn compositions are mercifully excluded, Mr. Chubb has undoubtedly "made good." Having neatly won for himself a tidy fortune, he daily grows sleeker and more suave. Lately he has even achieved the extravagance of a mysterious and costly rheumatic complaint. This yearly takes him to the most exclusive watering places—as soon as the season has drawn to its sultry close.

But Sonoroso is singing again. His golden voice is wringing every drop of sentiment from the last few bars of "Home, Sweet Home," now concluding its third encore. With shuffling and jostling, with the panting of heavy bodies being forced into huge fur coats, the audience prepares to go.

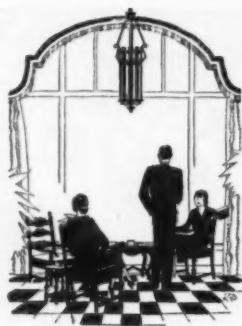
In one of the crowded elevators into which Mr. Chubb's elect perspiring elbows its way, Mrs. Clark, who had talked loudly and continuously throughout the concert, is saying to an adoring friend, "My dear, did you notice Sonoroso's hands? He has such beautiful, such expressive hands!"

For Vice-President on the G. O. P. Ticket

Continued on page 424

ered one of the strong men of the nation.

If the Democratic party should place Governor Al Smith at the head of its ticket in the Houston convention, Tilson's native state of Tennessee may be fairly counted as a doubtful state. With Tilson on the national Republican ticket, he would give a good account of himself in his native state. No stronger man could be placed upon the ticket, representing the long-established policy of protection to American manufacturing interests, than John Q. Tilson. He would preside with dignity and signal ability over the Senate of the United States, and if misfortune should remove the President, the country would be safe in his hands as its chief magistrate.



"And Ken wants to come as much as I do"

KEN is a good soul—he says we're coming down again next month! Isn't that splendid? This is such a lovely place; our own home could hardly be more comfortable. And the guests are so pleasant and friendly. Most of them seem to come every year. . . . We went visiting today—in the hotel kitchens! My first trip behind the scenes. It's terribly interesting to see how this big place works. Clean! That kitchen was spotless! Ken has spoken several times about the excellent meals they serve here. But after seeing these beautiful kitchens, I don't see how the food could help being delicious.

Further information about Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is interestingly given in booklet form. We would be glad to mail you a copy.

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[Seal]

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... and

M E A T

"DESPITE the temporarily fashionable belief that a large amount of meat in the diet is harmful, medical science has discovered nothing which should cause the great majority to deprive themselves of the meat diet which they now enjoy."

This statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Clarence W. Lieb of New York, a distinguished investigator, was quoted by Mr. Louis F. Swift in his address to the shareholders of Swift & Company at the Forty-third Annual Meeting, January 5 (Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book).

It is an indication, as Mr. Swift pointed out, of the growing appreciation of the value of meat in the diet.

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Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book also includes an interesting discussion of the essential value of meat in the diet. It will be sent free upon request.

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